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Ethiopian Songs,

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D. D. EMMET,	G. A. PARKERSON,
W. S. BUDWORTH,	ARCHY HUGHES,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	S. S. PURDY,
J. A. HERMAN,	LEW BRIMMER,
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NEW YORK:  
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.

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# HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE SONGSTER.

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## YOUNG EPH'S LAMENT.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

OH, where will I go if dis war breaks de country up,  
And de darkeys hab to scatter around?  
Dis dam Bobolition, 'mancipation, and Sècession,  
Am a-gwine to run de nigger in de ground!  
For it's Abolition here, and Secession dere,  
And neither one or t'other of 'em right;  
One says dis, and de other says dat,  
And dey both got de country in a fight.

*Chorus.*

Now what can a poor nigger do, etc.

Now what is de use of dis jangulatin' fightin'?—

Botheration to de country so forlorn!

Why don't dey 'tend to business, makin' boats and buildin'  
railroads,

While de niggers raise de cotton and de corn?

But Massachusetts here, and South Carolina dere,

Disturb dis happy Union wid deir growls;

One says dey shall, and de other says dey shan't,

And Uncle Sam has got to stand it all.

So what can a poor nigger do, etc.

Oh, I wish dat de white folks of dis great Confederation  
 Would only quit deir quarrels and deir fights;  
 And stop deir cannonadin', marchin', shootin', and bombardin',

And be willin' for to use each other right:  
 For it is very plain to see dat de end of it would be,  
 Dat they'd know each other better dan before;  
 And they'd make up deir minds dat in all future times  
 Dey wouldn't go and do it any more.

And dat's what I want 'em for to do, etc.

What a deuced shame it is—dis Secession revolution  
 Am a-usin' up de business of de land!  
 While trade and navigation, merchandisc and speculation,  
 Hab very nearly come to a stand.  
 De crops won't be growed, de meadows won't be mowed,  
 'Kase dere's nobody left for to tend 'em;  
 Dere's a scarcity, it seems, of cabbage, peas, and beans,  
 'Kase dere's nobody home for to send 'em.

Now what's a hungry nigger gwine to do, etc.

## NOTHING TO WEAR.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

EARLY in the morning, as I was promenading  
 Through the streets of Brooklyn city fair,  
 I met a youthful maiden, her heart with sorrow laden,  
 Because she discovered she had nothing to wear.  
 Bonnets she had plenty, and shawls could count by twenty,  
 Still her refrain, as she walked the city fair,  
 Was—"I am tired of this duster, it puts me in a fluster—  
 It's really too provoking—I've nothing to wear!"

*Chorus*—I am tired of this duster, etc.

Silks, and satin flounces, hoops of all dimensions,  
 Had this dame of Brooklyn city fair;  
 Still, the fashion changing, her wardrobe disarranging,  
 She cried, in despair, "I have nothing fit to wear!"

Bonnets she had plenty, and shawls could count by twenty,  
 Still her refrain, as she walked the city fair,  
 Was—"I am tired of this duster, it puts me in a fluster—  
 It's really too provoking—I've nothing to wear!"

I am tired of this duster, etc.

Dear papa, complaining, says there is no restraining  
 The extravagance in dress of his Wilhelmina fair;  
 And then she'd coax and flatter, and ask him how his  
 daughter

Could promenade the streets with nothing fit to wear!  
 Bonnets she had plenty, and shawls could count by twenty,  
 Still her refrain, as she walked the city fair,  
 Was—"I am tired of this duster, it puts me in a fluster—  
 It's really too provoking—I've nothing to wear!"

I am tired of this duster, etc.

## AURA LEA.

Sung by J. A. HERMAN.

WHEN the blackbird, in the spring,  
 On the willow-tree  
 Sat and rocked, I heard him sing—  
 Singing, "Aura Lea,  
 Aura Lea, Aura Lea,  
 Maid of golden hair,  
 Sunshine came along with thee,  
 And swallows in the air."

*Chorus*—Aura Lea, Aura Lea,  
 Maid of golden hair,  
 Sunshine came along with thee,  
 And swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born;  
 Music, when you spake;  
 Through thine azure eye the morn  
 Sparkling seemed to break.

## WAIT TILL YOU GET IT.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,  
 Birds of crimson wing  
 Never song have sung to me  
 As in that sweet spring.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea, etc.

Aura Lea! the birds may flee;  
 The willow's golden hair  
 Swing through winter fitfully  
 On the stormy air:  
 Yet, if thy blue eyes I see,  
 Gloom will soon depart;  
 For to me, sweet Aura Lea  
 Is sunshine through the heart.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea, etc.

## WAIT TILL YOU GET IT.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

Of late, around town, a new by-word's come out—  
 You'll hear it wherever you wander about:  
 Ask a friend for to lend you two dollars or three,  
 And the answer he'll give you it surely will be—

“Just wait till you get it,  
 Wait till you get it;  
 And if you don't get it,  
 Wait till you do!”

Election-time is coming—a candidate runs  
 To the sturap, which he mounts, firing off his big guns  
 'Mong the boys of the ward his money he'll spend free  
 Saying, “I must have the office.” The answer will be—

“Just wait till you get it,” etc.

A fellow gets drafted—he vows it's too much;  
 He ain't got “three hundred”—goes in for a crutch,

Saying, "I must have exemption, you see that I'm lame;"  
 But the keen provost-marshal is up to his game,  
 And says, "Wait till you get it," etc.

A fellow at policy goes it quite strong,  
 In hopes a big hit will some time come along;  
 Spends all his spare change, till he cleans himself out,  
 'Cause the man with the slips says, "You'll hit 'em, no  
 doubt—

Only wait till you get it,  
 Wait till you get it;  
 And if you don't get it,  
 Wait till you do!"

## SAUCY SAM.

Sung by J. T. Boyce.

I AM saucy Sam, a Southern nig, as you can plainly see—  
 I was born among de sugar-cane, 'way down in Tennessee;  
 My master used to wallop me, so I cut my stick and ran;  
 De soldiers dey cotch hold ob me and make me contraband.

*Chorus.*

Oh, yes, white folks, just listen unto me—  
 I'se de sauciest little nigger ever lived in Tennessee.

If I was de President, I'd take a bold position—  
 I'd play de very deuce wid dat nigger abolition;  
 I'd make Secession hold its jaw, and 'mancipation too,  
 And T'd make 'em cry out "Union!" as Washington used  
 to do.

Oh, yes, white folks, etc.

I don't like to see folks in de Norf cut such foolish figures,  
 And get our country in dis fuss all about de niggers;  
 I don't like abolitionists, to please a foolish whim,  
 Shove poor white folks out of work, and put de niggers in.

Oh, yes, white folks, etc.



I don't like to see some folks, when they've been here lots  
 of years,  
 When de country wants their aid, tremble wid their fears.  
 Dey ought to shoulder a musket, and join de regiment,  
 Instead of asking help from de British government.  
 Oh, yes, white folks, etc.

I would like to see de white folks of dis great and glorious  
 nation,  
 And leave de niggers whar dey is, down on de old plan-  
 tation;  
 And shake each other by de hand—and, wid deir loud  
 huzzas,  
 Cry, "Constitution as it is, and Union as it was!"  
 Oh, yes, white folks, etc.

---

### THE NIGGER MAY APPLY.

Written and sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

WHITE folks, your attention, and I'll do my best to please,  
 And sing a song about de times, while you all take your  
 ease:  
 And while I am a-singin', I don't think you'll deny  
 That for a seat in de Senate-house de mokes will soon  
 apply.  
 So fare you well, my honey dear!—I'll see you by-and-by;  
 I'm goin' to be a general, whar de niggers do apply.

We don't work in de cotton-fields nor dig potatoes now,  
 For de fater of de Black Brigade is kickin' up a row;  
 He is editor of a paper, but now he's keeping shy;  
 But in his next edition you'll see that niggers may apply.  
 Don't you look so awful dark—you needn't heave a sigh,  
 For Horace says things are all right, and niggers may  
 apply.

I think de best thing mokes can do, is to join de Black  
 Brigade,  
 And go to fight for de *Tribune*, deir colored rights to save;



But if dey fail, I'll tell you what, I think dey'd better fly,  
For, when de war is over, no niggers need apply.  
But I think I am all right—if I only mind my eye,  
I'll get command of de Potomac when de niggers do apply.

---

## THE CONTRABAND'S ADVENTURES.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

OH, my name is Darkey Sam,  
I'se a black-eyed contraband—  
Down on de Chickahominy I was born;  
But old massa run away  
When de Linkum sogers play,  
So I started for de Norf in de morn.  
I soon met wid a man,  
And he took me by de hand,  
And brought me to de bobolition meeting:  
Dere de broders made a speech,  
And de sisters 'gan to preach;  
Dey said my complexion was light,  
And de world dey would teach  
What a point dey could reach,  
And show dey could wash a nigger white.

Dey got me very soon,  
And dey put me in a room—  
Dis nigger couldn't tell what dey was arter;  
Dey took off all my clothes,  
And den what does you suppose?  
Dey put me in a tub of boilin' water!  
And den dey got around,  
And some scrubbin'-brushes found,  
And said dey'd wash me whiter dan paper.  
Oh, dey got me in a tub,  
And dey all began to scrub—  
I tell you it was a pretty sight!  
For some put on de soap,  
And de oders dey did rub,  
But dey found dey couldn't wash a nigger white.

De next ting dey done,  
 For to make de color run,  
 Dey began to rub me wid sand-paper:  
 Oh, dey nearly killed me dead,  
 But dey only made me red—  
 I tell you I cut up an awful caper!  
 Den dey whitewashed me so slick,  
 But de lime it wouldn't stick—  
 I golly, I was just as black as ever!  
 Den dey got a lot of hay,  
 And dey rubbed and scrubbed away—  
 Oh, dey kept at it all dat night;  
 And den dey found, next day,  
 Dat de job it wouldn't pay,  
 'Kase dey neber could wash de nigger white.

When I found dat dey was tired,  
 Says I, "Gemmen, list to me,  
 And you will find out dat I am right, man;  
 De nigger will be nigger  
 Till de day ob jubilee,  
 For he neber was intended for a white man.  
 Den just skedaddle home—  
 Leave de colored man alone,  
 For you're only makin' trouble in de nation:  
 You may fight, and you may muss,  
 You may make a heap of fuss,  
 But you neber will make tings right  
 Until you all agree  
 For to let de nigger be,  
 For you'll neber, neber, neber wash him white.'

---

 LOUY NAP.

Sung by LEW BRIMMER.

LOUY NAP is trying,  
 'Way down in Mexico,  
 To build another empire up,  
 But Uncle Sam says, "No!",

Napoleon he may try it,  
 And show his lack of sense,  
 But soon he will be gobbled up  
 By his Oyster-eating Prince.

*Chorus.*

Rip rap, flip flap,  
 Jump right up and break your back!  
 For I'm going down to Mexico,  
 To fight for Ucle Sam-u-e-l.

We'll let you alone for a little while,  
 For your race is nearly run;  
 But you can't give thrones in Mexico—  
 No, nary time, not one!  
 So take advice, friend Louy,  
 Keep away from Mexico;  
 For the doctrine that we'll carry out  
 Was taught us by James Monroe.

Rip rap, flip flap, etc.

The Russian Czar sent a fleet  
 Out here to Yankee-land,  
 And nobly we have welcomed them  
 With open heart and hand.  
 A firm alliance is our plan—  
 We'd make a bully pair,  
 With the Yankee-doodle Eagle  
 And the rugged Russian Bear!

Rip rap, flip flap, etc.

## GINGER JIM'S UNION COCKADE.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

I'm just from old K-y, Ky,  
 And my name is Ginger Jim;  
 I goes in for de Union,  
 'Cause dat am bound to win.

I went down to Uncle Gabriel's  
 Before I came away,  
 And dese am just de very words  
 Dat Uncle Gabriel did say:

*Chorus.*

"Shout, boys, shout, and don't you be afraid  
 To sport de feathers in your hat, de Union cockade."

Dere's trouble in de country,  
 And war throughout de land;  
 And de times are coming  
 When everybody's got to show his hand.  
 If you go in for Secession,  
 You had better mind your eye,  
 For "Union" am de word, my boys—  
 It's now de battle-cry.

Shout, boys, etc.

Dis war commenced at Sumter,  
 And dey gib de Union beans;  
 But soon dey had de Stars and Stripes  
 To wave ober New Orleans;  
 For since de fight at Pittsburg,  
 It's goin' such a way,  
 Dat Union's bound to win, my boys,  
 No matter what you say.

Shout, boys, etc.

Dere's a bird dey call de eagle,  
 And soon he'll flap his wings,  
 While ober Hail-Columbia land  
 Our Union chorus rings;  
 While Norf an' Souf, and East an' West,  
 Our good old flag shall wave,  
 And de thing dey call Secession  
 Will be buried in its grave.

Shout, boys, shout, and don't you be afraid  
 To sport de feathers in your hat, de Union cockade.

## HANNIBAL WRAY.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

Oh, listen to my song, and, as it goes along;  
 I'll tell you freely what I think 'bout what is right;  
 And if you like my lay, why, all I've got to say  
 Is, give me a chance to speak my mind in my own pecu-  
 liar way.

*Chorus.*

For I'm bound to have my say,  
 In my own peculiar way;  
 And whether you like it, or whether you don't,  
 Is de same to Hannibal Wray.

Oh, I have to wonder why 'de white folks often try  
 By hook or by crook, or some oder way, to come it on de  
 sly;  
 But it's very plain to me, if dey'd let us darkeys be,  
 'Twould be better for both of us, de slave as well as de free.  
 For I'm bound, etc.

Now down in Washington is whar de trouble begun,  
 And de politicians are all to blame—yes, ebery mother's  
 son!—  
 And de only way to do is to hire another crew,  
 To man de ropes of de ship of state, and carry her safely  
 through.

For I'm bound, etc.

Oh, I long to see once more de good ole days of yore,  
 When de niggers was happy—de white folks too—de coun-  
 try o'er and o'er!  
 And I hope it soon will be dat de white folks will agree,  
 And de smoke of de war will blow away—dat's what's de  
 matter wid me!

For I'm bound to have my say,  
 In my own peculiar way;  
 And whether you like it, or whether you don't,  
 Is de same to Hannibal Wray.

## COME, BOYS, COME!

## NICODEMUS JOHNSON.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

O WHITE folks, listen to me now,  
 And what I'm gwine to tell you;  
 It's all about my name and occupation:  
 I is away from ole Virginny State—  
 De best in all de nation:  
 Oh, oh, oh, I is Nicodemus Johnson!

My master was a Union man,  
 And didn't like Secession,  
 And so he had to leabe de ole plantation;  
 But still I thought to stay behind,  
 It would be an aggravation—  
 Oh, oh, oh—to Nicodemus Johnson!

I wish de war was only through,  
 And peace in all de nation;  
 I'd quick go back to Dixie's land, and stay dere,  
 'Cause I isn't any contraband,  
 But I like de ole plantation—  
 Oh, oh, oh, dat's Nicodemus Johnson!

## COME, BOYS, COME!

Written and sung by N. S. BUDWORTH.

COME, all you gentle white folks, and listen unto me—  
 I'll sing a little song about the fashions of the day;  
 And if you pay attention to me for a little while  
 I will sing you something which I know is in your style.

*Chorus.*

Come, boys, come, and go along with me,  
 And we'll go down to Washington to fight for victory.

In Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six, there was a brave  
 hero—

The name of that great General was WASHINGTON, you  
 know;

And if that great man was alive, I tell you you'd see fun,  
For he would show Jeff Davis that he could take Bull Run.  
Come, boys, etc.

If the papers would mind their business, and people hold  
their tongues,  
The soldiers down at that great fight would never had to  
run;  
They thought that Scott was long-winded, and that he was  
not right;  
But if old Scott had been left alone, Bull Run would have  
been all right.  
Come, boys, etc.

The Seventy-first fought well—the Seventy-ninth did too;  
The Sixty-ninth they were around, and the Fourteenth  
wasn't slow;  
But the gallant New York Fire Zouaves shall never be  
forgot,  
For they wolloped the Black-Horse Cavalry, and only left  
six of the lot.  
Come, boys, etc.

---

## ZOUAVE JOHNNY FROM BULL RUN.

Written and sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

COME all you soldiers, so fearless and brave,  
Come listen to my ditty;  
For I belong to the Fire Zouaves,  
That started from New York city.  
We left our families and all our friends—  
To save the Union I shouldered my gun;  
And what I tell you I know is so,  
For I'm Zouave Johnny from Bull Run.

That good old man, brave General Scott,  
Has retired from the army;  
And General McClellan then took his place,  
Although the times looked stormy.



But since that time he has been removed,  
 Though many a victory he has won;  
 And what I tell you I know is so,  
 For I'm Zouave Johnny from Bull Run.

General Meade is a very good man,  
 And all his soldiers say so;  
 For he fought very hard at Gettysburg—  
 He wolloped the rebels, that you know.  
 Three cheers for our glorious Stars and Stripes,  
 Three cheers for General Grant, Ohio's son!  
 And what I tell you I know is so,  
 For I'm Zouave Johnny from Bull Run.

### THE LOWER TEN THOUSAND.

Written and sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

I'LL sing you a song about the times,  
 And about the money too,  
 And how it am divided  
 Between me and you.

The upper "Ten Thousand"  
 Have got money for to rent,  
 But the lower "Ten Thousand"  
 They haven't got a cent.

*Chorus*—I tell you it isn't fair,  
 Between me and you,  
 For the rich to have the money,  
 For the poor want it too.

The upper Ten Thousand  
 Go to balls, and parties beside—  
 They drink their champagne,  
 And call for oysters fried;  
 But the lower Ten Thousand  
 Go to jigs and raffles too—  
 They drink their tea and coffee,  
 And have a codfish-stew.

I tell you, etc.



The upper Ten Thousand  
 Go to the "Academy" to see a show;  
 They pay two dollars for a seat—  
 Now I tell you that is so!  
 But the lower Ten Thousand  
 Can teach them all a lesson—  
 They spend two shillings—go to Hooley's,  
 And split their sides a-laughing!  
 I tell you, etc.

The upper Ten Thousand  
 Ride in carriages very fine;  
 Sometimes on horseback,  
 And then they cut a shine!  
 But the lower Ten Thousand  
 They take it very cool;  
 If they can't ride a-horseback,  
 They go it on a mule!  
 I tell you, etc.

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### POMPEY SNOW'S PHILOSOPHY.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

I'm a gay little nigger, I'd hab you all to know,  
 I came from Alabama, just five years ago;  
 I used to pick de cotton, and de sugar-cane did hoe—  
 I'm a bully essence nigger, and my name is Pompey Snow.

*Chorus.*

Ho, ho, boys! dis am a gallus show!  
 I'll sing and dance for volunteers,  
 Who to de fight will go—  
 Dat's de philosophy of young Pompey Snow.

Dere isn't any question but de Souf got up dis muss,  
 And, in spite of all de Norf, dey am bound to have a fuss.  
 Dey fight well on both sides, for de American blood am  
 game,  
 And I think the Abolitionists am very much to blame.  
 Ho, ho, boys, etc.

To think of dis war it am a bery painful question—  
 I'd send all de Abolitionists into de Atlantic Ocean!  
 Send de darkeys back to Africa, just where dey ought to  
 go,  
 And skedaddle all de rebels into de Gulf of Mexico!  
 Ho, ho, boys, etc.

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## SKEDADDLERS.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

'Twas down in ole Virginny  
 A poor ole nigger he did roam;  
 But now he has skedaddled,  
 And gone away from home.  
 He was so dejected,  
 It's just what I expected:  
 A great many more besides old Squash  
 Have gone away from home.

*Chorus.*

Now, white folks, listen unto me,  
 For I will not detain you long;  
 I'll tell you of these skedaddlers,  
 And prove it in my song.

Oh, my! de drafts in dis 'ere nation  
 Has caused a great sensation,  
 And many dey leave deir stores  
 To wander wid aching bones,  
 And went straight o'er to Canada,  
 For fear in deir hearts dat America  
 Would require deir services to protect  
 Our nation and our homes!

Now, white folks, etc.

Den long may live our noble boys  
 Who were the first to meet the call,  
 To defend our firesides and our flag  
 And for its safety fall!

But now the panic's over,  
You can see each skedaddling rover  
Returning day by day,  
And creeping to their homes.  
Now, white folks, etc.

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## MR. PER COON.

(As performed, with unbounded applause, by HOOLEY'S Minstrels.)

COME, darkeys, ebery one,  
Dat lubs a little fun—

*Chorus*—For ole Mr. Per Coon's waitin' down at de brim-  
stone corner;

Let's go in wid good will,  
Ole Fader Time to kill—

*Chorus*—For de gals couldn't wait for de same ole Coon  
till arternoon.

De gals am on de green,  
Wid bib and tucker clean—

*Chorus*—For ole Mr. Per Coon's waitin' down at de brim-  
stone corner.

A han'kerchief so red  
Tied on deir woolly head—

*Chorus*—For de gals couldn't wait for de same ole Coon  
till arternoon.

Den look up in de tree,  
De jay-bird's on de limb;  
His eye shine like a June-bug—  
He wink at me, I wink at him;  
And when he sings dis song,  
It makes his gizzard wink;  
Oh, say, Mister Per Coon,  
What'll you take to drink?

Ole Clem must come along,  
To pat de Juba-song;

For he is old and tough,  
 And cannot pat enough.  
 See how his eyes do shine  
 At dis remark ob mine!  
 Wid de Susies and de Salls  
 He's de favorite ob de gals.  
                                     Den look up, etc.

Dere's Massa Hawkins' Jim,  
 He's most too tall and slim;  
 But when he cuts a swell,  
 He does it mighty well;  
 He *parley vous* de French  
 To ebery colored wench;  
 He can't fool Mister Yawk  
 Wid ole Virginny talk.  
                                     Den look up, etc.

Now, ladies, do not grieve  
 Bekase we are goin' to leab!  
 "Dere's good fish in de sea,"  
 Yes, just as good as we.  
 Den throw your hook and line  
 For better luck next time:  
 If you should kotch a sprat,  
 You'd better freeze to dat.  
                                     Den look up, etc.

Dere's goin' to be a ball  
 At Cowbellagenian Hall;  
 Oh, how de mokes will bound  
 To de banjo's mighty sound!  
 I'll be dere on de spot,  
 Wid wing and turkey trot;  
 De scented sweet perfume  
 Shall 'luminat de room!

Den look up in de tree,  
 De jay-bird's on de limb;  
 His eye shine like a June-bug—  
 He wink at me, I wink at him, etc.

## THE CONTRABAND'S LAMENT.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

I JUST come from de Souf to St. Louis to-day,  
Whar a nigger, dey tell me, can just have his own way;  
I don't stop at de Planter's House, but a much better place,  
Whar de people dey all seem quite enchanted wid my face;  
And de ladies, in particular, say I'm Cupid, don't you see?  
And de white folks of St. Louis am quite struck after me.

I really begins to think dat I've got a handsome face,  
And dis form it is possessed of symmetry and grace:  
Dere are niggers from de West and dere are niggers from  
de Souf,  
And you all know a nigger's got a bery little mouf!  
But dere's one thing I observe in particular wid me—  
Dat de white folks of St. Louis am quite struck after me.

But dis gay and easy life is not suitable for me,  
For I was raised a nigger, and a nigger still must be;  
So, white folks, let me tell you, before I do depart,  
Don't let de cause of niggers so encircle round your heart:  
We are cver four millions now in numbers, don't you see?  
And what could you do wid all of us, if we were all set  
free?

## HORACE GREELEY'S PET.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

COME, all you noble white folks,  
And listen to my song;  
I'm de pet of Horace Greeley,  
And to de *Tribune* I belong.  
My musket I will shoulder,  
And I'll march on to de fight,  
And I upon de tented field  
Goes for Union, wrong or right.

*Chorus.*

Oh, I am Horace Greeley's pet, off for Washington,  
To succeed ole Abraham Linkum in de mornin'.

Now, when I am de President,  
I'll tell you what I'll do:  
I'll seize all de British privateers  
And quickly put 'em through.  
I will back George McClellan,  
And de grumblers all put out;  
Also dem British subjects,  
I would send 'em up to spout.

Oh, I am, etc.

Now, when de foreign nations  
Hear our Yankee rooster crow,  
Johnny Bull may den leave Canada,  
His friends leave Mexico;  
While Peace and Plenty dey shall reign  
Throughout dis mighty land,  
And politics be laid aside  
At Liberty's command.

Oh, I am, etc.

## ARCHY AT THE SANITARY FAIR.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

Two weeks ago I left Vermont,  
To come to this big town,  
Where the Sanitary Fair  
Is doing things up brown;  
I arrived in Brooklyn one fine morn,  
And soon put on my best—  
And round to the Academy I went,  
As a member of the press.

*Chorus*—Then come, darkeys all,  
Unto these sights so rare,  
For Archy now is all the go,  
Since he's been to the Sanitary Fair.

I mingled with the quality,  
And felt myself so proud;  
But a cry soon stopped my jollity—  
"There's Archy in the crowd!"  
Ward Beecher took me by the arm,  
And spoke in gentle tones,  
To condescend and please the "Heights"  
With a solo on the bones.

Then come, darkeys, etc.

I spread myself upon the stage  
Without much hesitation;  
Since racing soon will be the rage,  
I played "The Invitation."  
The New York Club soon made their bets,  
I hadn't much to say;  
The odds were on the bob-tailed nag,  
For nowhere was the bay.

Then come, darkeys, etc.

I left the Academy that night,  
And packed my trunk in haste,  
And started off to Washington,  
For Gideon Welles's race.  
Says I to him, "Old boy, wake up!—  
For racing do not clamor;  
But send your fast boat Eutaw out,  
And catch the Alabama."

Then come, darkeys, etc.

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### SAMBO'S OPINION.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

I AM a saucy nig from Tennessee,  
I want you all to know;  
I'll gib you my opinion  
Of matters as dey go.



My name am Sambo Quash,  
 I'm a confiscated moke;  
 So, white folks, don't get mad  
 At what I'm goin' to spoke.

*Chorus.*

Den, white folks, listen to me—  
 It am de truth I tell you now;  
 Jump up, tumble up, git up and git!

In dese times, de Bobolitionists say,  
 Dat niggers hab got a right,  
 And a darkey ob de present day  
 Is just as good as white.  
 But I think dat is a lie,  
 From de simple fac',  
 If a nigger was as good as 'white,  
 He wouldn't be painted black.

Den, white folks, etc.

Some say de niggers shall be slaves,  
 Some say dey shall be free;  
 I'd like to know what difference  
 All dis trouble makes to me!  
 Freedom may be well enough,  
 Likewise emancipation;  
 But I guess I'se better off  
 Down on de old plantation.

Den, white folks, etc.

I see in de papers, de oder day,  
 To make de army bigger,  
 Dat Congress dey had made a law  
 To go and draft de nigger.  
 De darkey can pick de cotton,  
 To dem dat is but fun;  
 But when dey'll smell de bullets,  
 I golly, how dey'll run!

Den, white folks, etc.



Dere is no silver now-a-days,  
 And money dat has flew—  
 Except lots of postage-stamps,  
 And greenbacks cut in two:  
 Shinplasters now are all de rage,  
 Most all are good for noffin;  
 I s'pects dey'll ask per-centage,  
 By-and-by, on sojer-buttons.  
 Den, white folks, etc.

I wish de white folks, ob de Norf  
 And Souf, would list to me:  
 I'd tell dem dat de only way  
 Is to let de nigger be;  
 As darkeys, in our country's laws,  
 Am an institution,  
 Just let dem end dis war  
 By laws ob de Constitution.  
 Den, white folks, etc.

## BULLY NIGGER AMOS.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

I'd have you all to know  
 I is come from down below,  
 Whar de sugar-cane is raised and de cotton-flowers grow;  
 And Amos is my name,  
 And massa says I'm game—  
 De bulliest little nigger on de Mississippi flow!

*Chorus*—O white folks, pay attention,  
 And listen unto me;  
 I am bully nigger Amos,  
 Dat lives in Tennessee.

Oh, I know a thing or two  
 'Bout what de white folks do,  
 And all about de question dat's kickin' up dis row;

But our troubles all would cease,  
 And we would very soon have peace,  
 If dey'd take de 'vice of Amos dat lives in Tennessee.  
 O white folks, etc.

Oh, dere's no use to fight,  
 Each oder's wrongs to right,  
 And I think de whole affair am a very sorry sight;  
 If dey would only take de stand,  
 And shake each oder by de hand!—  
 Dat's de advice of Amos dat lives in Tennessee.  
 O white folks, etc.

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## MY ABRAHAM.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

My Abraham has gone away—  
 He's gone across de dark-blue sea;  
 And if he don't come back again,  
 'Twill fill my bosom full of pain.

*Chorus.*

And if he don't come back again,  
 'Twill fill my bosom full of pain,

My Abraham, why did you go,  
 And leave your true-love here alone?  
 With pain my aching heart does swell,  
 For my affection—for my affection, none can tell.  
 With pain my aching heart does swell,  
 For my affection—for my affection, none can tell

O Abraham, O Abraham,  
 You are my dearest ducky lamb;  
 Your voice am like de owl dat sings—  
 You lubly Cupid, you lubly Cupid widout wings!  
 Your voice am like de owl dat sings—  
 You lubly Cupid, you lubly Cupid widout wings.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The ladies they will all turn out,  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church-bell will peal with joy,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
The village lads and lasses say  
With roses they will strew the way;  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three times three,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
The laurel-wreath is ready now  
To place upon his loyal brow;  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship, on that day,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
Their choicest treasures then display,  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
And let each one perform some part  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart;  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

## GET BACK!

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

Now, white folks, your attention,  
 For I'm goin' to sing to you;  
 My song it is not very long,  
 But every word am true.  
 Dey expect to hear of victory  
 Since dey relieved our Mac;  
 But before de war is over,  
 Dey will say to him, "Get back!"

(Repeat the last two lines of each stanza.)

*Chorus*—Get back, get back,  
 Take it with a whack!

Now, dere is General Burnside,  
 Commanding, I believe;  
 And de next thing dat we hear of him,  
 Why, Burnside he is relieved.  
 Dey say he is a fighter,  
 And can whip them with a whack;  
 And as soon as he has done dat,  
 Dey will say to him, "Get back!"  
 Get back, etc.

Now, I've been on to Washington,  
 To make a proposition;  
 To go in for de Union  
 Ain't nigger abolition.  
 Put de contrabands on board de ship,  
 And start dem on de track;  
 You will think dey go to Hayti,  
 But dey will every one "get back!"  
 Get back, etc.

And now, kind friends, you've heard my song,  
 And I hope it's pleased you well.  
 I wish de war was over,  
 And de Abolitionists in—you know whar!

I would like to sing de oder verse,  
 But my mind am gettin' slack;  
 But if you want to hear it,  
 Just wait till I get back!  
 Get back, etc.

So here is to our great country,  
 And our great country's son;  
 His name I love to mention—  
 General GEORGE WASHINGTON!  
 Our eagle and our flag, my boys,  
 Is my motto, dat's a fac';  
 For he spreads his wings and soars so high,  
 And makes John Bull get back!  
 Get back, etc.

---

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

Written and sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

THESE are exciting times, and that you all do know—  
 Our flag has been insulted and trod on by the foe;  
 But they had better all mind their eye,  
 Or we'll make the rebels scatter,  
 And drive them all into the sea—  
 That's what's the matter.

*Chorus.*

Take up your musket, and go along with me;  
 Take up your musket, and go along with me!  
 Shoulder up your musket, and we'll make the rebels scat-  
 ter!  
 I'm for the Union—that's what's the matter.

England's got too much to say about our civil war—  
 She had better keep her tongue still, before she goes to  
 war;  
 For we have whipped her twice already,  
 And we beat her at regatta;  
 And we can whip her once more—  
 That's what's the matter.

France is keeping neutral, to see what will be done;  
If Johnny gets in a muss, I golly, you'll see fun!  
For with privateers we'll swarm the seas,  
His commerce we will scatter;  
And Napoleon will help us—  
That's what's the matter.

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## POLICY JOE.

\* Written and sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

I'LL sing you a song of a nice young man,  
His name was Policy Joe;  
His father was a rag-merchant,  
Over in Policy Row.  
Joe travelled on his muscle,  
And sold rags by the pound;  
And whenever he made a hit,  
He made the policy sound.

But when this cruel war came on,  
The old man had to "bust;"  
And Joe had spent his last cent,  
Playing for forty-first.  
Says he, "Ben Wood and policy  
Have got the best of me;  
So I'll go and jump a bounty,  
And have a little spree."

Joe went and put his name down,  
And got three hundred "slums,"  
And then skedaddled and ran away—  
Says he, "I'll have some fun."  
So Joe went into business,  
And opened a big gin-mill;  
But he "busted" all up in a week,  
For the bar-keeper ran off with the till!

Next day Joe picked up a countryman,  
And lived on him a while,

But got to playing policy again,  
 And lost the last of his pile.  
 So now poor Joe was dead broke,  
 And wanted another start;  
 So a fellow gave him a situation  
 As clerk of a city ash-cart.

---

## THE BLACK BRIGADE.

Written and sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

UNCLE ABRAHAM he wants us now,  
 And we must march along;  
 And I tell you what it is, my boy,  
 We will muster mighty strong.  
 Then fare you well, my honey dear,  
 I don't want you to be afraid;  
 In three months your lov-u-er  
 Will be a captain in de Black Brigade.

*Chorus*—In three months, etc.

And when we meet de enemy,  
 I'll bet we'll make them stare,  
 For I know dey'll catch de very debil  
 When dey meet our woolly hair.  
 We'll fight for de Constitution,  
 And wid greenbacks we'll be paid;  
 So come, you mokes, and fill de ranks—  
 Come and join de Black Brigade!  
 In three months, etc.

In de days ob General Washington,  
 You know we fought de British well,  
 Behind de bales of "hickory;"  
 I tell you we made dem red-coats yell!  
 For we are de boys who know how to fight,  
 So come along, don't be afraid;  
 For Horace Greeley—you know him well—  
 Is de General ob dis Black Brigade!  
 In three months, etc.



## POMPEY MOORE.

Sung by J. T. BOYCE.

OH, my name is Pompey Moore,  
 I'se from ole Virginny shore,  
 And I never had any education;  
 Except now and den a lickin'  
 Down at de cotton-pickin',  
 'Way down on de ole plantation.  
 But just list to me,  
 And you will plainly see  
 Dat I have got some knowledge;  
 Though I isn't any fool,  
 And I never went to school,  
 Nor passed into any oder college.

*Chorus.*

But just list to me, and you will plainly see, etc.

Now you see it's bery plain,  
 Dere was ole Massa Cain  
 Killed his broder 'kase he was bigger:  
 When he see what he had done,  
 He tried to cut and run,  
 But was turned, in a crack, to a nigger.  
 Now it's often asked by some,  
 Whar de niggers dey come from—  
 But dis is my calculation:  
 For 'tis easy to explain  
 Dat ole Massa Cain  
 Was de daddy ob de nigger population.  
 But just list to me, etc.

It's been de way wid some,  
 Eber since dis world begun,  
 To bother deir heads about de nigger;  
 First Bobolition comes to view,  
 And den Secession too,  
 And dis fight is all about de nigger.



You may talk and you may write,  
 You may work and you may fight,  
 But what good does eber arise?  
 You may paint and you may rub,  
 You may wash and you may scrub,  
 But a nigger is a nigger till he dies!  
 But just list to me, etc.

Now, white folks, in a trice,  
 I'll gib you some advice—  
 Don't get mad because it comes from a moke:  
 Let de Norf and de Souf  
 Both shut up deir mouf,  
 And den you will hit de right stroke.  
 Let Abolition die,  
 And Secession keep shy,  
 And de Norf and de Souf shake hands;  
 And now, white folks, hear me,  
 Just leave de nigger be,  
 For I tell you dey isn't worth a cent.  
 But just list to me, etc.

---

### OUR UNION GENERALS.

Sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

Now I'm going to sing a song,  
 So give me your attention;  
 I know I'll not detain you long  
 With what I'm going to mention:  
 So, if you listen unto me,  
 It is my calculation  
 To sing about the Generals  
 Who are fighting for our nation.

*Chorus.*

While we sing the Generals  
 Who win a nation's thanks, sir,  
 We'll not forget the volunteers  
 Who are fighting in the ranks, sir.

There is General Rosecrans,  
He is a soldier thorough—  
He boldly met and beat the foe  
'Way down at Murfreesboro.  
The rebels tried to put him down,  
Not liking his intrusion;  
But when he got to work, they soon  
Skedaddled in confusion.

While we sing, etc.

There is General Butler, too,  
He proved he wasn't green, sir;  
He quickly settled things to rights  
'Way down at New Orleans, sir.  
Though traitors raved, and vowed revenge,  
And swore to give him thunder,  
He ruled them with an iron hand,  
And quickly put them under.

While we sing, etc.

There is General Sigel, too,  
He is one of the best, sir;  
The rebels don't admire him much—  
They met him in the West, sir!  
And though they many a plan have laid,  
And tried him to inveigle,  
The little Dutchman's wide awake—  
A hunkey boy is Sigel.

While we sing, etc.

There's General Thomas Francis Meagher  
A lasting fame has made, sir;  
In Freedom's cause he nobly led  
His Irish bold brigade, sir.  
And Corcoran, too, is in the field.  
His name shall live in story;  
He'll lead his Irish Legion on  
To victory and glory.

While we sing, etc.

There's Generals Halleck, Banks, and Dix,  
 And Hooker too besides, sir;  
 And one who always did his best,  
 Brave General Burnside, sir.  
 But, best of all, I'll name you one  
 To finish this rebellion:  
 He's just the man that's wanted back—  
 The gallant young McClellan.  
 While we sing, etc.

## CHARCOAL PHILOSOPHY.

Sung by J. T. Borch.

Oh, I come into town,  
 And I drive up and down,  
 While "Charcoal!" so loudly I cry;  
 And as I sing out,  
 I'm still lookin' about  
 For things dat take place on de sly.  
 And it's often I say  
 To myself, on de way—  
 "What de debil can some white folks mean,  
 To take so much pains  
 To bother deir brains  
 'Bout de nigger dat don't care a pin?"

*Chorus*—"Charcoal!" etc.

Now dere's some dat pretends  
 Dey's de nigger's best friends,  
 Like Greeley and Beecher out dar;  
 But I never could see  
 How dat, after we's free,  
 We's a-gwine to hab any less care;  
 For it seems very plain  
 We shall want just de same,  
 And supposin' dere comes a hard time—

Would dese men help us through,  
 When we'd noffin' to do,  
 Or lend de poor darkey a dime?  
 "Charcoal!" etc.

Now, then, ain't it a shame,  
 That, to play out deir game,  
 Dese fanatics have fomented strife?  
 When 'tis well understood  
 Dat not one of de brood  
 For deir country would lay down deir life.  
 Den let patriots prepare,  
 When dey end up dis war,  
 And de flag of our Union's unfurled,  
 To consign all dese knaves  
 To oblivious graves,  
 And wipe out deir names from de world.  
 "Charcoal!" etc.

---

### JOSIAH.

Sung by J. T. Boyce.

OH, I should like to change my name,  
 And get something that's new;  
 I'm sick and tired of hearing it called  
 The whole of the long day through.  
 First the old man, the boys, the girls,  
 The old woman she screams too;  
 I'm bothered to death from morn till night—  
 Oh, dear, what shall I do?

*Chorus*—For it's 'Siah, 'Siah, Josiah, ma'am!  
 Oh, dear, what shall I do?  
 Make haste, and get your work all done,  
 Or the time you'll dearly rue.

At the very first sign of returning morn  
 They rouse me from my nap,  
 At the chamber-door with the old broomstick,  
 With its hurrying rap, tap, tap!

"Get up! turn out, you lazy lout!  
 Don't lay and snooze all day;  
 Come and dress yourself, and go down  
 And pitch off that load of hay!"  
 For it's 'Siah, 'Siah, etc.

I've hardly time to draw my breath—  
 Saw wood, split wood, fetch water!  
 It's 'Siah here, and 'Siah there,  
 From father, mother, and daughter.  
 I've stood their drudging long enough,  
 And I'm getting a little stronger;  
 And I'll be gosh-fired chawed all up  
 If I'll stand it any longer!  
 For it's 'Siah, 'Siah, etc.

## THE MUD-JEWELLER'S CLERK.

Sung by J. T. BOYCE.

My father was raised as a clark in Hoboken,  
 The man that he clarked for was named Mr. Dodd;  
 And among all the clarks there was none like my father—  
 For he was the clark, sure, that carried the hod!  
 One day, as he was climbing right up a steep ladder,  
 With bricks in his hod and a brick in his hat,  
 And just as he lifted his foot for a second,  
 A rung it gave way, and he came down ker-slap!  
*Chorus*—Whack, fol de row de dow, etc.

They sent for a coroner, then for a doctor—  
 The latter was late, but the former was not;  
 A jury was held, and a verdict was given:  
 The cause of his death was drinking his whiskey too hot.  
 So there I was left a nate little orphan,  
 Without any clothes and without ary cint,  
 Surrounded by those whose intentions were only  
 To stick to my back till my money was spint.  
 Whack, fol de row, etc.

'Twas lucky I had such a nate education,  
 By raising and making up fires for a school;  
 I could write with much taste, and speak Greek like a  
 Hebrew—

So I was told by one Teddy O'Toole.  
 So what does I do, but I starts a newspaper,  
 And called it the "Irishman's Morning Gazette;"  
 I got my paper and printing on credit,  
 And spoke well of my paper to all that I met.  
 Whack, fol de row, etc.

### DAT'S MY PHILOSOPHY.

As sung by J. T. BOYER.

Oh, here I am again!  
 How are you, gentlemen?  
 Come listen unto me:  
 I will tell you in my song  
 Things that I do like and  
 Don't like to see.

*Chorus*—Oh, I would like to see  
 De white folks make deir quarrels up,  
 And let de niggers be;  
 For it's slave or free,  
 A nigger will be nigger—  
 Dat's my philosophy.

Oh, I don't like to see  
 Dis great country  
 Broke up wid party strife;  
 But I would like to see  
 De white folks friends on equal terms,  
 And not seek each oder's life.  
 Oh, I would like, etc.

Oh, I don't like to see  
 Good men and true  
 Contending in deir might;

But I would like to see  
 Such men as Beecher, Hall, and Greeley,  
 Shoved foremost into dis fight.  
 Oh, I would like, etc.

## WHO CAN FIND US NOW?

Walk around.

By D. D. EMMET.

(As performed, with unbounded applause, by HOOLEY'S Minstrels.)

Oh, don't you hear de captain say,  
*Chorus*—"Here we are, here we are!"

Oh, don't you hear de captain say,  
*Chorus*—"Get aboard! get aboard!"

Oh, don't you hear de captain say,  
*Chorus*—"Here we are, here we are!"

Just cut her loose, and sail away!  
*Chorus*—Get aboard, get aboard!

We'll all cross ober Jordan;

We'll land on toder shore!

Den make room in de flat-boat

For one nigger more!

For Egypt's in de garden, a-kickin' up a row—

Ho, boys! ho, boys! who can find us now?

I'll sail dis world clar 'round and 'round,  
*Chorus*—Here we are, here we are!

I'll sail dis world clar 'round and 'round,  
*Chorus*—Get aboard, get aboard!

I'll sail dis world clar 'round and 'round,  
*Chorus*—Here we are, here we are!

All by de railroad under ground,  
*Chorus*—Get aboard, get aboard!

We'll all cross ober Jordan, etc.

We am de boys dat's up to sport,  
*Chorus*—Here we are, here we are!

We am de boys dat's up to sport,  
*Chorus*—Get aboard, get aboard!

We am de boys dat's up to sport,  
*Chorus*—Here we are, here we are!

Our sweetheart libes in ebery port,  
*Chorus*—Get aboard, get aboard!  
 We'll all cross ober Jordan, etc.

Old Massa Linkum split a rail,  
*Chorus*—Here we are, here we are!

Old Massa Linkum split a rail,  
*Chorus*—Get aboard, get aboard!

Old Massa Linkum split a rail,  
*Chorus*—Here we are, here we are!

De sight of niggers turns him pale,  
*Chorus*—Get aboard, get aboard!  
 We'll all cross ober Jordan, etc.

## SONG OF BOOKS.

Written and sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

OH, if you want to buy some books,  
 To pass away the time,  
 Go over to Fulton Market,  
 And the "Forty Thieves" you'll find;  
 Or, if that don't suit you,  
 Try "Jack Sheppard and his Pals;"  
 Or another one—the name of it  
 Is, "The Pretty Waiter-Gals."

*Chorus*—The "Forty Thieves" and "John C. Heenan,"  
 With "The Pretty Waiter-Gals;"  
 "Jeff Davis" and "Uncle Abraham,"  
 With "Jack Sheppard and his Pals."



There's the "Life of Jeff Davis"—

You can buy that very cheap;  
And the "Jokes by Uncle Abraham"

Are very hard to beat:  
And song-books by the thousand,

If you feel inclined to sing;  
And the "Life of John C. Heenan,"  
Who fought the British King.

The "Forty Thieves," etc.

Then there is "Little Mac's Report"—

About this war it reads,  
And tells you of our soldiers,

And the patriotic deeds  
Performed by McClellan

And his gallant Union band,  
Who made the rebels "git"  
At the battle of Antietam.

The "Forty Thieves," etc.

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### TOPSEY'S DOCTRINE.

Sung by J. T. BOYCE.

OH, I is the gal for dancing jigs,  
And cutting up all sorts of rigs;  
But still I know how to behave,  
Although I'm nothin' but a slave:  
But I think you'll all agree  
I'se better off a slave than free.  
About hard times I never think,  
Because I is always lots to eat and drink.

*Chorus.*

Dem Abolitionists, dat rave  
About de freedom of de slave,  
Had better let us all alone,  
And mind deir poor white folks at home.

A poor white gal may work and sweat,  
 Get out of health and into debt—  
 And if her bills she cannot meet,  
 May starve to death or walk de street:  
 But look at me! when day's work's done,  
 I think of nothin' else but fun;  
 And if at work I'am too ill,  
 Why, massa pays de doctor's bill.  
 Dem Abolitionists, etc.

Dey say, "How happy slaves would be,  
 If dey only were made free!"  
 But I cannot quite exactly see  
 What I should gain by liberty;  
 For I am worth, just as I stand,  
 A thousand dollars cash in hand!  
 So as a slave I'll be content,  
 'Cause free niggers isn't worth a cent.  
 Dem Abolitionists, etc.

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### JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

(Sung by Hooley's Minstrels, with shouts of laughter and applause.)

JOHNNY SCHMOKER, Johnny Schmoker,  
 Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,  
 Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,  
 Ich kann spiel mein kline drummel:  
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub! das ist mein drummel.

Fife, pilly-willy-wink! das ist mein fife;  
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub! das ist mein drummel:  
 Mein rub-a-dub-a-dub,  
 Mein pilly-willy-wink! das ist mein fife.

Triangle, tic-knock-knock! das ist mein triangle.  
 Pilly-willy-wink! das ist mein fife;  
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub! das ist mein drummel:

Mein rub-a-dub-a-dub,  
 Mein pilly-willy-wink,  
 Mein tic-knock-knock! das ist mein triangle.

Trombone, bom-bom-bom! das ist mein trombone;  
 Tic-knock-knock! das ist mein triangle;  
 Pilly-willy-wink! das ist mein fifie;  
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub! das ist mein drummel:

Mein rub-a-dub-a-dub,  
 Mein pilly-willy-wink,  
 Mein tic-knock-knock,  
 Mein bom-bom-bom! das ist mein trombone.

Cymbal, zoom-zoom-zoom! das ist mein cymbal;  
 Bom-bom-bom! das ist mein trombone;  
 Tic-knock-knock! das ist mein triangle;  
 Pilly-willy-wink! das ist mein fifie;  
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub! das ist mein drummel:

Mein rub-a-dub-a-dub,  
 Mein pilly-willy-wink,  
 Mein tic-knock-knock,  
 Mein bom-bom-bom,  
 Mein zoom-zoom-zoom! das ist mein cymbal.

Viol, fal-lal-lal! das ist mein viol;  
 Zoom-zoom-zoom! das ist mein cymbal;  
 Bom-bom-bom! das ist mein trombone;  
 Tic-knock-knock! das ist mein triangle;  
 Pilly-willy-wink! das ist mein fifie;  
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub! das ist mein drummel:

Mein rub-a-dub-a-dub,  
 Mein pilly-willy-wink,  
 Mein tic-knock-knock,  
 Mein bom-bom-bom,  
 Mein zoom-zoom-zoom,  
 Mein fal-lal-lal! das ist mein viol.

Toodle-sach, whack-whack-whack! das ist mein toodle-  
 sach;  
 Fal-lal-lal! das ist mein viol;  
 Zoom-zoom-zoom! das ist mein cymbal;

Bom-bom-bom! das ist mein trombone;  
 Tic-knock-knock! das ist mein triangle;  
 Pilly-willy-wink! das ist mein fifie;  
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub! das ist mein drummel:  
     Mein rúb-a-dub-a-dub,  
     Mein pilly-willy-wink,  
     Mein tic-knock-knock,  
     Mein bom-bom-bom,  
     Mein zoom-zoom-zoom,  
     Mein fal-lal-lal,  
     Mein whack-whack-whack! das ist mein toodle-  
         sach!

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### GYPSY DAVY.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

THERE was a lord, a high-born lord,  
     Who courted a high-born lady;  
 She lived in a palace all so grand,  
     Till she met with the Gypsy Davy.

*Chorus.*

Elopements now are all the go,  
     They set the darkeys crazy;  
 Take warning all, both great and small,  
     And beware of the Gypsy Davy!

This lord he was a fine young man,  
     And he set this lady crazy;  
 So she packed up her duds, and away she ran  
     Along with the Gypsy Davy.

Elopements now, etc.

Her parients raved, and tore their hair,  
     When they come for to miss that 'ere baby;  
 And then to think of that sweet-born baby,  
     None knew but the Gypsy Davy!

Elopements now, etc.

Oh, how could she leave her house and land?  
 Oh, how could she leave her baby?  
 Oh, how could she leave her own wedded hand,  
 To run off with the Gypsy Davy?

Elovements now, etc.

Last night she lay in a dear feather bed,  
 And in her arms her baby;  
 To-night she'll lay on the cold, cold ground,  
 In the arms of the Gypsy Davy!

Elovements now, etc.

## GOING ROUND THE HORN.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

SUCH a going round the Horn, and catching of a cold,  
 And a-sitting on the bench with the white folks;  
 Such a going to Californy, and digging out the gold,  
 Where the niggers get as much as the white folks!

*Chorus.*

To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land,  
 Oh ho, oh ho!

Then meet me in four year—I never shall forget—  
 For I am off for Californy, right away!

Such a pulling out the snags out the Mississippi River—  
 Oh, golly, 'twas enough to make a nigger shiver!  
 With the Natchez bluff so high, shoal water was so thin,  
 There wasn't hardly room for a colored man to swim.

To the land, etc.

Oh, get down to New Orleans!—I look all around,  
 I see my lovely Sally, and fall on the ground;  
 She ax me, "What's the matter?" and I told all the tale—  
 I was off to Californy the day the vessel sailed.

To the land, etc.

## MICK-A-VICK.

Sung by J. T. BOYCE.

YOUTH and folly make young men marry—  
 Then good-by, Biddy darling, I'm going away;  
 What can't be cured must be endured;  
 Then fare you well, love—I'm going away!

*Chorus.*

What can't be cured, must be endured;  
 So fare you well, I'm going away.

She cried and sighed so when we parted,  
 I said, "Biddy darling, dry up your tears away."  
 "O Mick-a-Vick, I am broken-hearted  
 To think you're going far across the deep-blue sea!"  
 What can't be cured, etc.

She was a darling neat young creature—  
 And, turning round, these words she said to me:  
 "Oh, your purty red hair, Mick-a-Vick, did my heart en-  
 snare, Mick,  
 And your gimlet-eyes bored a hole through me!"  
 What can't be cured, etc.

## THE GROCERY-MERCHANT.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

O WHITE folks, attend unto me,  
 And listen to my ditty;  
 It's all about a grocery-man,  
 So handsome, gay, and witty.  
 He was different from all mer-chi-ants  
 That lived in days of yore—  
 Provisions they were plenty then  
 In his little grocery-store.

*Chorus.*

Then mind your eye, O ladies all,  
Take my advice, oh do;  
And watch this cunning grocery-man  
On Franklin Avenue!

This grocery-man was so polite,  
As most of merchants are,  
His store was always crowd-i-ed  
With ladies young and fair.  
It happened that a dam-su-el  
In love fell sick and sore  
With this young grocery-mer-chi-ant  
And his little grocery-store.

Then mind your eye, etc.

Charles Augustus, in return, loved her  
With all his might and main,  
And swore that none should separate him  
From his sweet Susan Jane!  
And Susan Jane she also swore  
She'd prove both kind and true,  
And that no butcher's cleav-i-er  
Should cut their love in two!

Then mind your eye, etc.

## GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,  
They have grafted him into the army;  
He finally puckered up courage and went,  
When they grafted him into the army.  
I told them the child was too young, alas!  
At the captain's fore-quarters they say he would pass;  
They'd train him up well in the infantry class—  
So, they grafted him into the army.

*Chorus.*

O Jimmy, farewell! your brothers fell  
 'Way down in Alabamy;  
 I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,  
 But they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!  
 They have grafted him into the army;  
 It seems but a day since he sat in my lap,  
 But they grafted him into the army.  
 And these are the trousers he used to wear—  
 Them very same buttons, the patch, and the tear;  
 But Uncle Sam gave him a bran-new pair  
 When they grafted him into the army.

O Jimmy, farewell, etc.

Now in my provisions I see him revealed—  
 They have grafted him into the army;  
 A picket beside the contented field,  
 They have grafted him into the army.  
 He looks kinder sickish—begins to cry—  
 A big volunteer standing right in his eye:  
 Oh, what if the ducky should up and die,  
 Now they've grafted him into the army?

O Jimmy, farewell, etc.

## THE LEARNED MAN.

Sung by G. W. GRIFFIN.

OH, since the days I've prattled o'er  
 The horn-book and the battledore,  
 What musty heaps I've rattled o'er,  
 And yet I've scarce begun!  
 But, with all due volubility,  
 I'll tell you with facility,  
 And wondrous agility,  
 I've studiéd, if I can:



And if my views do any fit,  
I'll tell you in a trice  
How you'll derive great benefit  
By taking my advice.  
First, shake off all timidity,  
Apply with due solidity,  
Eschewing every quiddity,  
To be a learned man!

Commence with etymology,  
Go next into geology,  
Your head filled with phrenology,  
Although it be a van;  
Go next to botanology,  
And physical theology,  
Observing strict philology,  
If you would lead the van.  
But mix up no lampoonery  
In what you say or do,  
Nor let no vile buffoonery  
E'er emanate from you.  
If you touch on the majestical,  
Celestial, or terrestrial,  
Let it not be catethetical  
To be a learned man!

If you display chirography  
In any one's biography,  
Look well to your geography—  
Time and dates well scan;  
Antediluvian history,  
Mythology's the mystery,  
Theology, consistency,  
To know next be your plan:  
And if past mediocrity  
In wisdom you would soar,  
Go on with all alacrity  
And search for further lore.  
Go next to botanology,  
Give a glance at mineralogy,

And ditto at astrology,  
To be a learned man!

Learn alchemy by particles,  
Therapeutics by articles,  
Pharmacy, cathartical  
Or emetical, if you can.  
And there's yet a multiplicity  
Of etceteras—electricity,  
Computation with facility—  
Of which I haven't ran;  
Architecture, and zoology,  
And dioptrics, you must learn;  
From cosmography to topography  
And mechanism turn;  
Forms of government, theocracy,  
And this one, termed democracy,  
Not forgetting honocracy,  
To be a learned man!

---

UNCLE SNOW.

As performed by ARCHY HUGHES.

Oh, my name is Uncle Snow,  
And I'd have you all to know  
Dat whitewashing is my occupation;  
If you have any work to do,  
I will do it as well for you  
As any oder nigger in dis nation.

*Chorus.*

Oh, oh, oh!—don't you hear me now?  
Wid dat brush, I can beat out all creation!  
I'm goin' on to Washington, to get a job, you know,  
To whitewash all de black deeds of dis nation.

When I get to Washington,  
There will much work have to be done  
In ancient cleanliness to be removin';

For de dirty work, I swear,  
Dat has long been goin' on dere,  
Has bery nearly brought dis place to ruin.  
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

When I first came to dis town,  
Some twenty years ago,  
I was a gay and dashin' little feller;  
But as I older grew,  
I saved a dime or two,  
And set up whitewash business in a cellar.  
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

Oh, dere's one thing more I'd say,  
Before I go away,  
And dat's about de colored population:  
If dey had only left 'em alone,  
In deir good old darkey home,  
It would have been better for dis great and  
glorious nation.  
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

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## THE YANKEE QUILTING-PARTY.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

It was down at Major Patsons' house,  
The gals they had a quilting,  
Just for to show their handsome looks,  
And have a little jilting.  
There was Deacon Jones's daughter Sal,  
And Squire Wheeler's Mary;  
And General Carter's youngest gal,  
That looked just like a fairy.

*Chorus.*

Then Yankee lasses all the u-  
Niversal airth bewitching;  
The good and true, and handsome too,  
The parlor or the kitchen.

There was Lucy White and Martha Brown,  
 And Jackson's daughter Betty;  
 Jemima Pinkhorn, Prudence Short,  
 And Major Downing's Hetty.  
 But if there was a handsome gal  
 That would make a fellow feel right,  
 I guess it was, by all accounts,  
 Miss Carolina Cartwright.  
 Then Yankee lasses, etc.

As they were 'whirling of the plate,  
 And playing hunt the slipper,  
 Jerusha Parsons went to get  
 Some cider in a pitcher;  
 But just as she had left the room,  
 And got into the entry,  
 She gave a scream, and stood stock still,  
 Just like a frozen sentry!  
 Then Yankee lasses, etc.

We all run out—and there, I swow,  
 Both huggin' like creation,  
 Miss Cartwright and Sam Jones we saw  
 A-kissing like tarnation!  
 Oh, such a laugh as we set up,  
 You never heard a finer;  
 Says I, "I reckon kissing's cheap—  
 Don't you, Miss Carolina?"  
 Then Yankee lasses, etc.

You ought to see Miss Cartwright blush!  
 She looked as if she'd painted;  
 She said she had the colic,  
 And in Samuel's arms had fainted.  
 Now, all young gals, a word with you:  
 When you go to a frolic,  
 Don't let your fellers kiss and hug  
 Unless you've got the colic.  
 Then Yankee lasses, etc.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

Sung by J. A. HERMAN.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still looked back  
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
 So loth we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us,  
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us.

When round the bowl of vanished years,  
 We talk with joyous seeming,  
 And smiles, that might as well be tears,  
 So faint, so sad their beaming,  
 While mem'ry brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 Oh! sweet's the cup that circles then  
 To those we've left behind us.

And, when in other climes we meet,  
 Some isle or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,  
 And naught but love is wanting—  
 We think how great had been our bliss,  
 If Heaven had but assigned us  
 To live and die in scenes like this,  
 With some we've left behind us.

As travellers oft look back, at eve,  
 When eastward darkly going,  
 To gaze upon that light they leave,  
 Still faint behind them glowing—  
 So, when the close of pleasure's day  
 To gloom hath near consigned us,  
 We turn to catch one fading ray  
 Of joy that's left behind us.

## SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAINS.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

In Springfield Mountains there did dwell  
 A lovely youth—I knew him well—  
 'Twas Deacon Jones's only son,  
 And he had just turned twenty-one.

*Chorus.*

Ri tu ral lu, ri tu ral lu, ri tu ral lu ral li do!

One Monday morning, he did go  
 Down in the meadow for to mow;  
 He had not mowed across the field,  
 When a venomous viper bit his heeld!

Ri tu ral lu, etc.

His aged dad was standing by,  
 All under a shady old oak-tree;  
 He raised his hoe with all his might,  
 And hit this viper such a swipe!

Ri tu ral lu, etc.

He picked it up all in his hand,  
 And straightway run to Molly Band—  
 Saying, "Molly dear, just look and see  
 Where this venomous viper did bite me!"

Ri tu ral lu, etc.

"O John! O John! why did you go  
 Down in that meadow for to mow?"  
 "Why, Molly dear, I thought you knowed  
 'Twas daddy's hay, and it must be mowed!"

Ri tu ral lu, etc.

Then up to Abram's bosom he went,  
 Crying, "Cruel, cruel sarpient!"  
 Now, all young men, a warning take,  
 And shun the bite of a darned big snake!

Ri tu ral lu, etc.

## NEXT ELECTION-DAY.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

Now, colored folks and citizens,  
I pray you listen unto me;

And, darkey musicians, just keep your strings in tune;  
For my true-love has gone from me,  
De policeman did get hold of she—  
Dey've sent her up to Sing Sing, for takin' silver spoons.

*Chorus.*

So, darkeys all, and citizens, listen to me while I sing—  
I'm goin' to run for alderman on next election-day.

Oh, her brother's name is Weller,  
And he's a clever feller,

He used to sell umbrellas on the wet and rainy days;  
But he travelled round with Horace,  
And dat clever man Judge Morris  
He sent him on'de island, to try and mend his ways.

So, darkeys all, etc.

But when my love is free again,  
We'll habe a jollification—

So, darkeys, I'll invite you all, and Bones you come too;  
And when my troubles all are o'er,  
I'm goin' to keep a candy-store—  
I'll wrap myself in de American flag, a-hoop-de-dooden-doo.

So, darkeys all, etc.

## THE BLACK CURE.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

Oh, have you all heard tell of the cure?  
It benefits the rich and the poor;  
And when they come from work in the shop,  
They go to this cure with a hip-er-ty-hop!

And at this cure they don't use pills,  
 But make you hop when you are ill;  
 They make you hop to cure the cramps,  
 And lick you like a postage-stamp!

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LOUIE LEE.

Music by G. W. H. GRIFFIN. Sung by Hooley's Minstrels.

As often at the close of day  
 With Louie Lee I fain would stray,  
 And while the pleasant hours away,  
 Beside the purling brook—  
 'Twas there we'd bide at eventide,  
 And watch the golden sunbeams glide,  
 As to their gilded couch they hied,  
 Receding while we'd look.

*Chorus*—O Louie Lee! I sigh for thee,  
 Though wandering here alone;  
 There's naught now left to comfort me—  
 I'm coming, coming home!

My heart would beat in numbers sweet  
 Whene'er we'd talk, whene'er we'd meet,  
 And hours flew by on wings so fleet,  
 The time seemed never long:  
 She promised, with a gentle smile,  
 My cares of life she would beguile,  
 And make me happy all the while,  
 By sweet affection's song.

O Louie Lee, etc.

The wedding-day, for which I'd pray,  
 Impatient at its long delay,  
 For time with me seemed doomed to stay,  
 My anxious heart was given:  
 At length it came, but not for me,  
 For Death had wooed my Louie Lee—  
 Far in a brighter world they flee,  
 To wed her soul in heaven.

O Louie Lee, etc.



## LIMERICK RACES.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

I'm a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs;  
 So, to satisfy my mind, up to Limerick town I come, sirs.  
 Och, murther, what a place, and what a charming city,  
 Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so  
 witty!

*Chorus.*

Musha ring a ding a da, ri tu ral lu ral laddy O!  
 Musha ring a ding a da, etc.

It was on the first of May when I began my rambles,  
 When every thing was there, both jaunting-cars and gam-  
 bols;

I looked along the road—it was lined with smiling faces,  
 All jogging off, ding dong, to go to the Limerick races!  
 Musha ring, etc.

So, then, I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,  
 And on a coach-and-four I neatly took my place, sirs;  
 When a chap bawls out, "Behind!"—the driver dealt a  
 crack, sir;  
 Faith, he struck me just as fair as if his eyes were in his  
 back, sir! Musha ring, etc.

So, then, I had to walk, and to make no great delay, sirs;  
 I arrived upon the course, where every thing was gay, sirs:  
 I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story  
 Oh, a band struck up a tune called "Garry Owen and  
 Glory."  
 Musha ring, etc.

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lasses  
 dancing;  
 And chaps upon their nags all around the course was  
 prancing,  
 Some were drinking whiskey-punch, and others singing  
 gayly—  
 Ah, give me the shamrock green, and the splinter of shil-  
 lalah!  
 Musha ring, etc.

There was betting to and fro, to see who'd win the race,  
sirs;

One of the knowing coves then came up to my face, sirs:  
Says he, "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll leave it down  
this minute!"—

"Oh, then, ten to one," says I, "that the foremost horse  
will win it!" Musha ring, etc.

When the actors came to town, what a merry lot were  
they, sir!

I paid my two-thirteens to go and see the play, sir;  
They acted kings and queens, both Columbine and fairy,  
But I leaped upon the stage when they struck up Paddy  
Carey! Musha ring, etc.

## THE BONES OF OLD FINEGAN.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

I'm a dacent laboring youth,  
I was born in the town of Domshockalin:  
I'm a widower now in my youth,  
Since I buried sweet Molly McLaughlin.  
I wur married but once in my life—  
Sure, I'll never commit such a sin agin;  
For I found out, when she wur my wife,  
She wur fond of one Barney McFinegan.

*Chorus*—Whack fie lil lan, ta ra la, whack ta ra laddy de,  
With a ri tol lol lal diddle de de de!

Her father had castles of mud,  
Of which I wur fond of admiring;  
They wur built in the time of the Flood,  
For to keep her ancestors dry in.  
When he found I had Molly bespoken,  
First he got fat, and then he got thin agin;  
In the struggle his gizzard he broke,  
And we had a corpse of old Finegan!  
Whack fie lil lan, etc.

For convanience, the corpse was put  
 Along with his friend in the barn, sure;  
 And some came to it on foot,  
 While others came down from Dungarinshore.  
 My wife she crietl and she sobbed—  
 I chucked her out twice, and she got in agin;  
 I gave her a belt in the gob,  
 When I wur knocked down by McFinegan.  
 Whack fie lil lan, etc.

The bed and the corpse was upset,  
 The row it commenced in a minute, sure;  
 Divil a bit of a stick had I got,  
 Till they broke all the legs of the furniture!  
 In faith, as the blood flew about,  
 Eyes were shoved out and shoved in agin;  
 I got a southwestern clout,  
 Which knocked me on top of old Finegan!  
 Whack fie lil lan, etc.

How long I was dead I don't know—  
 But this I know, I wasn't living, sure;  
 I awoke wid a pain in my toe,  
 For they wur both tied wid a ribbon, sure.  
 I opened my mouth for to spake,  
 The shate was rolled up to my chin again;  
 "Och, Molly," says I, "I'm awake"—  
 "Och," says she, "you'll be buried wid Finegan."  
 Whack fie lil lan, etc.

I opened my eyes for to see—  
 I strove to get up, to knock her about;  
 I found that my two toes were tied  
 Like a spoon in a pot of thick stirabout!  
 But I soon got the use of my toes,  
 By a friend of the corpse, Larry Gilligan,  
 Who helped me to get into my clothes,  
 For to spread a grass quilt over Finegan.  
 Whack, fie lil lan, etc.

Och, my she-devil came home from the spree,  
 Full of whiskey, and ripe from the buryin', sure;  
 And she showed as much mercy to me  
 As a hungry man shows to a herrin', sure.  
 One Billy-go-fister I gave,  
 Which caused her to grunt and to grin agin;  
 In six months I opened the grave  
 And slapped her on the bones of Finegan.

Whack fie lil lan, etc.

It's now, that I'm single again,  
 I'll spind my time rakin' and batterin';  
 I'll go to the fair wid the men,  
 And I'll dance wid the girls for a patterin'.  
 They'll swear that I'm stuck to a lee,  
 And think, as they say, to catch him agin;  
 But they'll not come the kuckle o'er me,  
 For they might be related to Finegan.

Whack fie lil lan, etc.

## YANKEE DOODLE.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

I'm Yankee Doodle, Uncle Sam,  
 From Freedom's mighty farm, sir,  
 That for many a thousand years  
 Has worked unto a charm, sir.  
 But some rogues talk of selling out,  
 And splitting up this Union;  
 We'll beat their backs red, white, and blue,  
 Who dare to split our Union!

*Chorus.*

Then wake up, every mother's son—  
 Our Union none can sever!  
 And swear, by mighty Washington,  
 "Our Union, now and ever!"

The cotton-bags, away down South,  
Are waxing mighty sore, sir;  
And so they will, and so they did  
In Eighteen Thirty-four, sir.  
They swore our States they'd nullify,  
And peel off like an onion;  
But General Jackson crowed "Shanghai!"  
And made them stick to the Union.

Then wake up, etc.

I vow it is a tarnal shame  
That these same cotton-bags, sir,  
That helped to fence our freedom in,  
Should help to split our flag, sirs!  
But we won't suffer such disgrace  
From any rebel minion;  
We'll whitewash every nigger's face,  
And make him squeal out, "Union!"

Then wake up, etc.

Our flag, for near a hundred years,  
Has waved where oceans roll now;  
And the Yankees they have just gone out  
For to plant it on a pole now!  
May he, who would divide that flag,  
By stirring up *dis*-union,  
Be tied up in a woollen bag,  
And choked till he cries out, "UNION!"

Then wake up, etc.

Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips too;  
Are a pair of Siamese twins, sir;  
They ought to go below, you know,  
To answer for their sins, sir.  
They both should marry monkeys, too,  
And cut a pretty figure;  
For a monkey, you all know, my boys,  
Is the nearest thing to a nigger.

Then wake up, etc.

## HOW ARE YOU, GREENBACKS?

## HOW ARE YOU, GREENBACKS?

Banjo-Solo.

Sung by W. S. BUDWORTH.

WE are coming, Father Abraham,  
 One hundred millions more—  
 Five hundred presses printing us,  
 From morn till night is o'er.  
 Like magic you will see us start,  
 To scatter through the land,  
 And pay the soldier, or release  
 The border contraband.

*Chorus*—With our promise to pay—  
 How are you, Secretary Chase?  
 Promise to pay—  
 That's what's the matter!

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 One hundred millions more,  
 And cash was ne'er so easily  
 Evoked from rags before—  
 To line the fat contractor's purse,  
 Or purchase transport-craft,  
 Whose weak and rotten hulks shall sink  
 Before the winds begin to waft!

With our promise to pay—  
 How are you, Gideon Welles, Esquire?  
 Promise to pay—  
 Can't you fix the date?

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 One hundred millions more;  
 I hope a present blessing,  
 Though perhaps a future bore.  
 The simple terms on which we come  
 Are hardly worth a fuss;  
 Now, "Abe," as we may "Father" you,  
 We hope you will father us!

With your promise to pay—  
 How are you, Cousin Postage-Stamps?  
 Promise to pay—  
 No more Rappahannocks!

We are willing, Father Abraham,  
 One hundred millions more  
 Should help our Uncle Samuel  
 To prosecute the war;  
 But then we want a chieftain true,  
 One for to lead the van;  
 And George McClellan, you all know,  
 He is the very man.

With his Potomac Army grand,  
 Peace will once more smile upon us;  
 The Potomac Army grand—  
 Three cheers for Little Mac!

## THE OYSTER-TAMER.

Sung by ARCHY HUGHES.

O WHITE folks, attend unto me,  
 And listen to my ditty;  
 It's of old Pete Williams, long ago  
 Dat lived in New York city.  
 He was a carpenter by trade,  
 And a plane man, on de square:  
 He saw'd himself to Washington,  
 To gouge himself in de chair.

*Chorus*—Den fare you well, my own Mary Ann,  
 To part wid you it grieves me, honey;  
 For I'm gwine down to Washington,  
 To circulate de money.

Her fader was an oyster-tamer,  
 From de saddle Rocky Oystery;  
 He used to catch dem on de Sound,  
 And sell 'em in de Bow-ri-ree.



Her broder Jim was an eel-butcher,  
 Which caused his mammy to sigh;  
 Her broder Bill got drunk one day,  
 And run a knot-hole in his eye!  
 Den fare you well, etc.

Her lover gave a ball one night—  
 He gave a fancy ball and sup;  
 Dey had cream-o'-tartar tarts,  
 And chestnut-burrs in a cup;  
 Dey had E-flat bugle, jelly-soup,  
 And butter strong enough to walk;  
 It come o'er here in an emigrant-ship,  
 Oh, all de way from Cork.  
 Den fare you well, etc.

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### BRYAN O'LINN.

Sung by S. S. PURDY.

Oh, Bryan O'Linn had no breeches to wear—  
 He got him a goat-skin to make him a pair;  
 With the hairy side out and the fleshy side in,  
 "They'll do for the winter," says Bryan O'Linn.

*Chorus*—Pachuly a lany, Kopunea Baduis,  
 Porcha galora McChanna Maugre;  
 Strawberry domicile up and go lean,  
 O Bully Slaguttereh, how have you been?

Oh, Bryan O'Linn had his wife and his mother,  
 And they all went over the old bridge together;  
 But the bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in—  
 "We'll find ground at the bottom!" says Bryan O'Linn.  
 Pachuly a lany, etc.

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn had no watch to put on,  
 He got him a turnip to make him a one;  
 He caught him a cricket, and put it therein—  
 "Faith, they'll think it's a tickin'," says Bryan O'Linn.  
 Pachuly a lany, etc.



## THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

As sung by G. A. PARRERSON.

I KNOW an eye so softly bright,  
 That glistens like a star of night;  
 My soul it draws with glances kind,  
 To heaven's blue vault, and there I find  
 Another star, as pure and clear  
 As that which mildly sparkles here.  
 Beloved eye, beloved star,  
 Thou art so near, and yet so far!—

*Chorus*—Beloved eye, etc.

That eye, so soft as violets blue,  
 A treasure bears of morning dew;  
 And when its light entranced I see,  
 What joy, what pain possesses me!  
 A world where I would gladly dwell  
 Is that bright orb I love so well.  
 Beloved eye, beloved star,  
 Thou art so near, and yet so far!—

Beloved eye, etc.

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 GREENBACKS.

(As sung, with tremendous applause, by HOOLEY'S Minstrels.)

How are you, greenbacks, ten or twenty?  
 Four-forty on de turnpike-gate;  
 How are you, Father Abram?  
 From one to five I have got plenty.  
 Then while we sing, de heel-tap ring,  
 And de banjo sounds like a jim-jam!  
 Five dollars now is quite a sum too—  
 Four-forty on de turnpike-gate;  
 How are you, Father Abram?  
 Then while we sing, de heel-tap ring,  
 And de banjo sounds like a jim-jam!

*Chorus.*

Look to de east, look to de west,  
 Look 'way ober dar—  
 De railroad leads to de cuckoo's nest,  
 Den jump on board de car!  
 So good-by to de fair sex,  
 Good-by to de thing called a greenback!  
 "Ober de left" we're comin',  
 Three hundred millions more!

Gober'ment wheels scream out, while turning,  
 "More soap! to keep de 'ex' from burning;"  
 Now, Chase he is a clever laddie,  
 But Father Abram is his daddy.

Look to de east, etc.

Wall street is but a small plantation—  
 Too small to eber rule a nation;  
 Old Father Abe don't care about it,  
 He gets on bery well widout it.

Look to de east, etc.

Three hundred dollars is a "clear" tax  
 When one has pockets lined wid greenbacks;  
 But when dis war comes to an ending,  
 Some characters will need some mending!

Look to de east, etc.

## I AM LONELY TO-NIGHT.

Words and Music by G. W. H. GRIFFIN. Sung by J. LA MONT.

I AM lonely to-night in my sad little chamber,  
 While the stars sweetly shine upon all I hold dear;  
 They have gone from their home with a bold, fearless  
 ranger—

There's a void in my heart, for they are not here.  
 Oh, why did they leave me, alone and deserted,  
 To risk their dear lives on the blood-sprinkled plain?

Should they never return, this poor heart would soon  
wither,  
And never know joy or comfort again.

*Chorus.*

I am lonely to-night, I am lonely to-night,  
While the stars sweetly shine upon all I hold dear;  
I am lonely, I am lonely to-night.

I am lonely to-night, but ere spring-birds shall warble  
Their matinal song in the wild forest-tree,  
And the bright, limpid brook with sweet music shall  
bubble—

My heart will grow lighter when thinking of thee.  
Then fleet by, dull hours, and bring back the loved ones,  
Who parted from friends with a tear-moistened eye;  
For then this sad heart will no longer be lonely,  
But joyous and happy as the mild azure sky.

I am lonely to-night, etc.

## UNCLE SAM GRANT.

Performed, with shouts of laughter and applause, by Hooley's Min-  
strels.

I SUPPOSE you have heard of the great commander—  
He's second to none but Alexander;  
U. S. G.'s the man for me,  
Three cheers for your Uncle Sam!  
He's come from the West, with the spangled banner—  
A mud-sill, and his trade a tanner;  
Good-by, Chase! you'll lose the race,  
He can distance Abraham!

*Chorus.*

U stands for Uncle, U. S. for Uncle Sam,  
But U. S. G. it just suits me, or any other man!  
He dug a trench at Vicksburg: as sure as you're alive,  
He'll dig one more round the White-House door in 1865.

At Donelson, 'mid the wintry weather,  
He gave them a smell of Yankee leather;  
There Floyd and Pillow caught a fanning—  
Their rebel hides weren't worth the tanning.  
U stands for Uncle, etc.

Grant marched his men, worn and dejected,  
To Vicksburg, where he was blockaded;  
He dug a canal—none dare dispute him—  
The river would not rise to suit him.  
U stands for Uncle, etc.

Round the town Grant did assemble,  
The Butternuts did quake and tremble!  
Then Pemberton's Rebs did surrender  
To Grant, the Union's brave defender.  
U stands for Uncle, etc.

At Chattanooga, Bragg did face him,  
Little thinking Grant would lace him;  
He's packed in the vat where Grant will soak him—  
There let him lay—may the tan-bark choke him!  
U stands for Uncle, etc.

Here's a health to the pet of the Yankee nation,  
The next overseer of Sam's plantation;  
Three cheers for GRANT and his men together,  
And nine for his sole and upper leather!  
U stands for Uncle, etc.

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### YOUNG KITTY.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,  
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,  
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,  
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.

For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,  
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;  
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

## LULA IS GONE.

Sung by J. A. HERMAN.

WITH a heart forsaken I wander,  
In silence, in grief, and alone;  
On a form departed I ponder,  
For Lula, sweet Lula, is gone—  
Gone where the roses have faded,  
Gone where the meadows are bare,  
To a land by orange-blossoms shaded,  
Where summer ever lingers on the air.

*Chorus.*

Lula, Lula, Lula is gone!  
With summer birds her bright smiles  
To sunny lands have flown.  
When day breaketh gladly,  
My heart waketh sadly,  
For Lula, Lula is gone!

Not a voice awakens the mountains,  
No gladness returns with the dawn;  
Not a smile is mirrored in the fountains—  
For Lula, sweet Lula is gone!  
Day is bereft of its pleasures,  
Night of its beautiful dreams;  
While the dirge of well-remembered measures  
Is murmured by the ripple on the streams.  
Lula, Lula, Lula is gone, etc.

When I view the chill-blighted bowers,  
And roaming o'er the snow-covered plain,  
How I long for spring's budding flowers  
To welcome her sweet smiles again!  
Why does the earth seem forsaken?—  
Time will this sadness remove:  
At her voice the meadows will awaken  
To verdure, sweet melody, and love!  
Lula, Lula, Lula is gone, etc.

## THE VACANT CHAIR.

Sung by G. A. PARKERSON.

WE shall meet, but we shall miss him,  
 There will be one vacant chair;  
 We shall linger to caress him  
 While we breathe our evening prayer.  
 When, a year ago, we gathered,  
 Joy was in his mild blue eye;  
 But a golden chord is severed,  
 And our hopes in ruin lie.

*Chorus*—We shall meet, etc.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,  
 Often will the bosom swell  
 At remembrance of the story  
 How our noble Willie fell!—  
 How he strove to bear our banner  
 Through the thickest of the fight,  
 And upheld our country's honor  
 In the strength of manhood's might!

We shall meet, etc.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory  
 Evermore will deck his brow;  
 But this soothes the anguish only,  
 Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.  
 Sleep to-day, O early fallen,  
 In thy green and narrow bed!  
 Dirges from the pine and cypress  
 Mingle with the tears we shed.

We shall meet, etc.

THE END.



## MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

After the Battle.	Ill Omens	The Fortune-Teller
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may Glow.	I've a Secret to Tell Thee	The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls [Mistress
As Slow our Ship	Joys that Pass Away	The Irish Peasant to His The Legacy
At the Mid Hour of Night	Lesbia Hatha Beaming Eye	The Meeting of the Waters
Avenging and Bright	Let Erin Remember the Days	The Mountain-Sprite
A Finland Love Song	Love and the Novice [of Old	The Minstrel Boy
Before the Battle	Love's Young Dream [Thee	The Night Dance
Believe Me, If all those En- dearing Young Charms	Love Thee, Dearest, Love	The Prince's Day
By that Lake whose Gloomy	Light Sounds the Harp	The Song of Fionnuala
Come o'er the Sea [Shore	Love's Light Summer-Cloud	The Song of O'Ruark
Come Rest in this Bosom	Love, My Mary, Dwells with	The Song of War
Come, Send Round the Wine	Nay, Tell me Not [Thee	The Time I've Lost in Wooing
Could'st Thou Look as Dear	No, Not More Welcome	The Young May Moon
Dear Harp of my Country	Oh, Banquet Not	The Young Rose
Drink to Her	Oh, Blatne Not the Bard	This Like is all Chequered
Erin, O Erin! [In Thine Eyes	Oh, Breathe Not His Name	Though the Last Glimpse of
Erin! the Tear and the Smile	Oh, Doubt Me Not	Through Erin's Isle [Erin
Eveleen's Bower	Oh, Hail We Some Bright	'Tis Believed that this Harp
Farewell! But Whenever you	Little Isle of our Own	'Tis Gone, and Forever
Welcome the Hour	Oh, Think Not my Spirits are	'Tis Sweet to Think
Fill the Bumper Fair	Always as Light	'Tis the Last Rose of Summer
Fly Not Yet	One Bumper at Parting	To Ladies' Eyes
From Life Without Freedom	Oh, Remember the Time	Weep On, Weep On, Your Hour is Past [World
Go Where Glory Waits Thee	Oh, Soon Return	We May Roam Through this
Has Sorrow Thy Young Days	Oh, Where's the Slave [ly	What the Bee is to the Flow-
Shaded	Oh, Yes, So Well, So Tender.	When First I Met Thee [eret
How Dear to Me the Hour	Oh, Yes, When the Bloom	When He who Adores Thee
How oft has the Banshee Cried	Remember the Glories of	When 'Midst the Gay I Meet
Here's the Bower	Brien the Brave	When Twilight Dews
I'd Mourn the Hopes	Rich and Rare Where the	When Through Life [Light
I Saw from the Beach [Prime	Gems She Wore	While Gazing on the Moon's
I Saw Thy Form in Youthful	She is Far from the Land	While History's Muse
It is Not the Tear at This	St. Senanus and the Lady	You Remember Ellen
Moment Shed	Sublime Was the Warning	
	Take Back the Virgin Page	
	The East Indian	

## TONY PASTOR'S "OWN" COMIC VOCALIST.

A Broth of a Boy is O'Blarney	Modern Inven ions	The Grave Undertaker
All the World are Flushing	My Grandfather was a Most	The Green-eyed Lobster Jeal-
A Man Ain't a Horse, if He's	Wonderful Man	The Mouse Trap [ousy
Born in a Stable	My Grandmother was a Most	The Literary Loafer
A Narrow Escape	Wonderful Dame	The Lovely Chimney Sweep
An Editor's Miseries	My Sister She's a Most Won-	The Press, Pen, and Ink
A Tragedy in Tenth Avenue	derful Gal	The Pretty Waiter Girl
Baron Bohmbig	Oh, How I Love the Ladies	The Real, Perfect Cure
Beautiful Biddy of Sligo	Parody on "Oh, No, We	The Spindle Journal
Comic Medley	Never Mention Her"	The Streets of New York
Folks I Don't Care to Meet	Poor Polly Higginbottom	The Watermaker's Song
Hit the Right Nail on the Head	Popping Corn	The Way the Money Goes
Hot Codlins [Look	The Age of Drinking	The Whites, the Browns, and
How Do You Think It Will	The Battle of the Gamecocks	the Greens
Isabella with the Gingham	The Beauties of Advertising	Tired of Married Life
Umbrella [Troubles	The Cork Leg [Blue	Wait Till You Get It
It's a Folly to Talk of Life's	The Dark Girl Dressed in	What Is and What Isn't
Man and Money Ready	The Everlasting Breeches	Young Man from the Country

## TONY PASTOR'S IRISH COMIC SONGSTER.

A Cure for the Nightmare	Mrs McLaughlin's Party	The Contraband's Adventures
A Gentleman in the Army	New Parody on "You'll Re-	The Days When I was Young
A Hundred Years Hence	member Me"	The Fifth Avenue Bello
An Irishman's Ancestors	No Irish Need Apply	The Fourth of July
An Irishman's Coat It is But-	One Thing and the Other	The Happlest Follow Out
toned Before	Ouid Higgin's Ball	The Irish Patriot's Call
An Irishman's Receipt for	Paddy Murphy's Auction	The Man Over the Way
Love Making	Paddy's Balloon Ascension	The Old Love Agin
Billy Boot and Tiramy Twist	Parody on "When this Cruel	The Returned Volunteer
Brigadier Brallagan	War is Over"	The Rale Old Style [cer
Couldn't See It [Ho	Pat's Trip to America	The Single Young Man Lod-
Fee-Faw-Fum and Ho-Hang-	Paulen O'Rafferty's Say	The Song of all Songs
Gay is the Life of a Fighting	Spend your Soap [Voyage	The Upper and Lower Ten
Jonny Law [Amerykin	Sweet Kitty Neil	Thousand
Kitty O'Shaughnessy	The Athlone Landlady	The Yankee Yeoman
Leave Me to Sleep, Biddy	The Bould Highwarman	Young America and Old
Mrs Mary Jane O'Dowd	The Boy for the Drum	Ireland

## FRANK CONVERSE'S "OLD CREMONA" SONGSTER.

A Query	Jine de Army	Sheddy
A Race	Kruelty to Johnny	Shoddy Contracts
Banjo Duett [Echoless Shore	Lanigan's Ball	Sparkling
Call Me Not Back from the	Lord Lovell and Nancy Bell	Spelling
Charley Fox on Intervention	My Lowland Home	Sweet Milza
Charming Billy	New York Fashions	The Bewitched Terrier
Comic Banjo Solo	New York Ladies	The Broadway Stages
Conondrums	Oh, Yes, 'Tis So	The Broom Peddler
Dandy Pete	"Oh, You Bet!"	The Fifth Avenoodle Belle
Dead-Heads	Or Any Other Man	The Four Vultures
De Old Banjo	Oyster Sally	The Difference
De Coon Hunters	Pete Williams	The Gay Young Walter
De History of de Banjo	Policy and Politics	The Organ Cal
Dewn Below	Pop Goes the Nigger	The Sailor
Fighein' in de Army	Pull the Stopples Out	The Twig of Shillalah
Gold Buttons	Robinson Crusoe	Three Blind Mice
Good Reason	Sally White	Too True to Nature
Honest Men	Sambo's Opinion	To See What I Can See
"I Can't Help Dat!"	Sassy Nigger Pete	What I Wish
Jerusha Anna Bell	Send de Sojers Down	When This Cruel War is Over

## THE CONVIVIAL SONGSTER.

A Mug of Old Ale	Fill the Bumper Fair	The Zoo-Zoo's Toast [Life
A Bumper of Good Liquor	Fill the Goblet Again	The Pope, He Leads a Happy
Auld Lang Syne	Forty Toasts for Convivial	This Life is all Chequered
A Glass is Good	Occasions [Wine	with Pleasures and Wees
A Health to all Good Lasses	Give me Woman, Give me	The Bottle's the Sun of Our
A Sup of Good Whisky	Had I the Tun which Bacchus	The Water Drinker [Table
A Bumper for Thee	Used [Moore	The Monks of Old [ny
A Song After a Toast	Here's a Health to Thee, Tom	The Best of all Good Compa-
Beer, Boys, Beer	Here's to the Maiden of Bash-	There's No Deceit in Wine
Benny Havens	ful Fifteen	The Jolly Pat Friar
Begone, Dull Care	Here's to You Again	The Good Rhine Wine
Bibo's Will	I Likes a Drop of Good Beer	The Song of the Glass
Come Send Round the Wine	I Love a Sixpence	They Were Merry Days [ing
Cruiskeen Lawn	I Am a Friar of Orders Grey	There's No Joy Like Drink-
Come, Landlord's Fill [ers	Inspiring Fount of Cheering	The Year that's Awa'
Come Now, all Ye SoelalPow	Wine [man	The Soldier's Toast
Drink of this Cup	Let the Toast be Dear Wo-	The Big Bellied Bottle
Drink to Her	Life's a Bumper	The Thirsty Earth
Drink it Down [Thine Eyes	Mynheer Van Dunc	Tom Brown
Drink to Me Only With	My Friend and Pitcher	To Ladies' Eyes
Drown it in the Bowl	May we Ne'er Want a Friend	Tuscan Wine
Down Among the Dead Men	One Bumper at Parting	Viva la Compagnie
Der Lager Bier	Oh, Baoquet Not	Wreath the Bowl
Drink and Be Glad	One Bottle More	Willie Brewed a Peck o' Malt
Friend, By my Soul, I'll	Old King Cole [Dear	With a Jolly Full Bottle
Whisky Drink	Potteen, Good Luck to Ye,	When Bibo Thought Fit
Farewell! But Whenever you	Sparkling and Bright	Whisky, Drink Divine [ing
Welcome the Hour	Simon the Cellarer	We Won't go Home till Morn-
Fill High the Brimmer	Song of Bibo	With an Honest Old Friend
Flow, Thou Regal, Purple	The Brown Jug	Woman, a Toast
Fuddle thy Nose [Stream	The Jug of Punch	Your Health, Old Friend

## FATTY STEWART'S COMIC SONGSTER.

A Hint to John Bull	New "Billy Barlow"	The Lawyer's Clerk and the
A New Cure for a Cough	News from the Battle-Field;	Junkman's Daughter
A World of Misfortunes	or, the Volunteer's Wife	The Leaders of the Day
Bandy-Legged Jack and His	Pat Murphy, of Meagher's	The Little Old Maid's Com-
Bride	Brigade	plaint [Now
Bretty Katherine	Pat's Adventures in the Army	Tho Nation's Topsy-Turvy
Bryan O' Lynn	Quack, Quack, Quackery	The Skater's Son
Call a Head and Sheep's Eyes	Reckoning Chickens Before	The Talented Family
De Nigger on de Fence	They're Hatched	The Tax Upon Income
Der Song of der Shirtless	Shqualling Pussy [leen	The Union, Right or Wrong
Der Yankee Doodle Shentle-	Terrence's Farewell to Kath-	The Way to Go a Pleasuring
Don't Give up the Ship [man	The Absentee Officers	The Wounded Marineer
Fat and Greasy	The Darkey Skeleton [oline	Tim Finigan's Wife
I Am a Union Volunteer	The Days we Were No Crin-	Tim Kettles to Mend
It Isn't All in Bringing Up	The Hod-Carrier's Serenade	True Pleasures at Home
Kitty Tyrrell	The Hub of the Universe; or	We Are all Putting our Way
Lots of Cash	Sights Around Boston	Through the World
Miss Kinkerty Prim	The Irish Mythologist	We'll Fight for Uncle Sam
Murphy's Patent Almanac	The Irish Tinker's Lament	Widow Tomkin's Tom-Cat



## THE HEART AND HOME SONGSTER.

Auld Lang Syne	I'm Afloat! I'm Afloat!	The Gay Cavalier
A Thousand a Year [Sea]	I Am a Friar of Orders Grey	The Female Auctioneer
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing	In the Days When I Was Hard	The Pilot [for Me]
Angel's Whisper	John Anderson, My Jo [Up]	There's Somebody Waiting
Beauty and Time	Landboard Watch	The Song of Blanche Alpen
Beggar Girl	No One to Love	The Marseilles Hymn
Beautiful Venice [My Love]	Oh, Sister, Dear	The Skater's Song
Come Live with Me and Be	Oh, I'm a Jolly Bachelor	The Monks of Old
Castles in the Air	Off in the Silly Night	The Power of Love
Do they Think of Me at Home	O, Norah, My Darling	The Cow and the Ass [Sea]
Dame Margery	Oh, Let me Like a Soldier Fall	The Sea, The Sea, The Open
Dear Summer Morn [More]	Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow	The Brave Old Oak [hood]
Dearest, Then I'll Love Thee	Rook Me to Sleep, Mether	The Sunny Hours of Child-
Eulalie	[only complete version]	The Newfoundland Dog
Farewell I Old Cottage	Robin Ruff and Gaffer Green	The Freemason's Song
Father Malloy	Riding in a Railroad Keer	The Valley of Chasmouni
Forget Thee	Simon the Cellarer [Near]	The Village Green
Good Night! Farewell	Still in my Dreams Thou'rt	The Vale of Rest [Dwell]
Gaffer Grey	The Blind Girl	Tell Me, Where Do Fairies
Hearts and Homes	Three Fishers Went Sailing	The Lads of the Village
Happy Be Thy Dreams	The Bell Ringer	The Flower Gatherers
Home, Sweet Home	The Milder of the Bee	Viva la Compagnie
In Happy Moments	The American Boy	We May Be Happy Yet
I Love the Merry Sunshine	There Was a Jolly Miller	Why Do Summer Roses Fade
I Cannot Mind my Wheel,	The Old Church Bell	What are the Wild Waves Say
Mether [ble Halls]	The Captain	Where art Thou, Dearest [ing]
I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Mar-	The Jolly Fat Friar	Why Did She Leave Him

## THE DONNYBROOK FAIR COMIC SONGSTER.

A Dollar or Two	Miss Bailey [O'Whack]	Surnames
An Irishman's Motto	Molly O'Rigg and Cornelius	The Banner of the Free
A Visit to Barnums	Mulvany and O'Manahan	The Coat of Other Days
Bet Carey	Murtoch Delaney's Travels	The Drummer of Antietam
Bulls	My Ways and My Means	The Flag of the Republic says
Buttermilk and Praties	Old Erin's Green Isle	The Gathering of the Maho-
Call Me Pet Names	Our Motherland	The Girl that's Gone and
Captain Mulligan	Paddy and His Pig	The Irish Jig [Left Me]
Dear Mary Come Back	Paddy Burke	The Last Potato [Cool]
Donnybrook Fair	Paddy Carey's Fortune	The Man that Couldn't Get
Handy Andy [Know It]	Paddy's Chapter on Pockets	The Old Bog Hole
If Your Nose is Long, You'll	Paddy's Island of Green	The Two Jackdaws
I'm Not Such an Ugly Man	Paddy McShane's Seven Ages	The Wig, Cane and Hat
Ireland	Paddy's Rambles	The Wonders
Irish Banquet Song	Paddy's Shindy	The World a Fish Pond
I Would Not Die in Spring	Parody on "A Life on the	The Tax Bill [Now]
Katty Mooney	Ocean Wave" [the Sea"	Who Will Care for Mickey
Kiss Me Good Night, Mether	Parody on "The Cottage by	Widow Muirroony's Ball
Labour and Its Reward	Parody on "When this Cruel	Young America's Alphabet
Larry Magee's Wedding	Rafferty's Party [War is Over]	of Heroes

## THE CAMP-FIRE SONG BOOK.

A Big Thing Coming	Home Again	The Brave Boys of Comp'ny D
Abraham's Daughter	Home, Sweet Home	The Bugle Note
A Good Time Coming, Boys	How are You, Johnny Bull	The Flag of Our Union
A Glass is Good	Hurray for the Union	The Gallant Zouaves
America	I Love a Sixpence	The Girl I Left Behind Me
Annie Laurie	Jeff Davis; or, The King of	The London "Times" on
Auld Lang Syne [Grew]	the Southern Dominions	American Affairs
A Yankee Ship and a Yankee	Jonathan to John	The New York Volunteers
Benny Havens	Let Cowards Shirk their Duty	The Soldier's Pyram
Bully for Us	Little Rhode Island	The Stripes and the Stars
Camp War Song [Ocean]	My Love, He is a Zoo-Zoo	The Star Spangled Banner
Columbia, the Gem of the	My Country! 'Tis of Thee	[with additional verses]
Come, Landlords, Fill	I Sing	The Union Marseilles
Come Raise the Banner High	Our Country's Flag	The Union Must and Shall be
Corpora! Kelly	Our Father Land	Preserved
Dixie of Our Union	Our Flag is There	The Union Root Hog or Die
Dixie of the Michigan Boys	Our German Volunteers	The Yankee Volunteers
Drink it Down	O'Toole and McFlunigan on	There Lies the Whisky Bot-
Free and Easy Still	the War	tle Empty on the Shelf
Gay and Happy	Pat's Opinion of the Stars	Union and Justice
God Save our Native Land	and Stripes	Viva L' America
Hail Columbia	Red, White and Blue	Viva la Compagnie
Happy Land of Canaan	Songs of the Camp	Whack Row de Dow

## TONY PASTOR'S UNION SONG BOOK.

"Any Other Man"	That's Whatts the Matter No 1	The Union Bridge
As I Went Walking on; or, A	That's Whatts the Matter No 2	The Union Train
Trip Through Broadway	The Confederate Carnival	The Union Volunteers [cest]
A Warmer	The Fall of Lander	The Yankee's Escape from Se
Couldn't See the Point	The Fishball Musketeer	Things I Do Like to See
"Freemen, Rally" [land?]	The Irish Volunteer	Tony's Great Union Speech
How are You "Hold Hing-	The March of the Union	To the Girl I Left Behind
Hunky Boy is YankeeDoodle	The Monitor and Merrimac	Uncle Sam in for the Union
March for the Union	The New Ballad of Lord Lovell	and Out Against Disunion
McFav on McClellan	The New England Boys	Uncle Sam "Under Weigh
Old England's Position [his lre	The New Whack Row de Dow	Union Speech, No 2
Old Johnny Bull has Raised	The Peaceful Battle of Manas-	We are Marching to the War
Onward March to Victory	sas [tor	Whack Row de Dow [new
Our Four-and-Thirty Stars	The Poor Old Worn-out Trail-	version]
Somter, the Shrine of the Na-	The Standard of Freedom	When this Old Hat was New
That Southern Wagon [tion	The Union Big Thing on Ice	Ye Sons of Columbia

## TONY PASTOR'S COMIC SONGSTER.

A Big Thing on Ice	My Mary has the Longest Nose	The Yankee Quilting Party
A Parody [Comic Recitation]	Nick, Not at Home	The Goot Lager Beer
A Sweetener for the Ladies	Ould Irish Stew [Another	The Lazy Club
Be Sure a Thing Will Pay	One Good Turn Deserves	The Farmer's Alphabet
Bully, I Have Missed You	Played Out	The "Rights of Man"
Couldn't Stand the Press	Sound on the Goose	The Widow Wagtail
Don't Think Much of You	Strike, While the Iron's Hot	The Bachelor's Dream
Flying Your Kite too High	Something New to Wear	The Obstinate Man [tation
Folks that Put on Airs	Sammy Slap, the Bill-Sticker	The Traveler [a Comic Recel
Good Advice	The Clown's Consolations, to	Think of Your Head in the
Happy Hezekiah	Disconsolate People	Tuscaloosa Sam [Morning
Happy Land of Canaan	The Age of Machinery	Unhappy Jeremiah
I Can't See It	The "Orrible Tale	Umbrella Courtship
Joe Bowers	The Goose Hangs High	Wonder of the Age
Lather and Shave	The Tickler	Whole Hog or None
Merry Month of May	The Ragged Coat	What will Mrs Grundy Say?

## FLORENCES' IRISH BOY AND YANKEE GIRL SONGSTER.

Away Down East	Johnny is Gone for a Soldier	Paddy O'Flannagan
Bachelor's Hall	Joiah Brown	Paddy's Wedding
Ballygarren	Kitty O'Rourke	Peter Gray
Barney O'Neil	Larry O'Brien	Riddle Cum Dinky Doo
Billy O'Rourke	Last Week I Took a Wife	Rim! Tom! Tramp!
Bobbing Around	Listen, Dear Fanny	Sal Sling
Bold Privateer	Lost Umberrell	The Cavalier
Boy with the Auburn Hair	Mary Avourneen	The Emerald Isle
Captain Fitzeasy	Michael O'Nearey's Wake	The Irishman's Shanty
Emma Lee	Molly of the Mead	The Irish Shoemaker
Evening Star	My Boyhood's Happy Home	The Scenes of Home
Ever of Thee	My Heart is Sad	The Tailor My Coat
Flaming O'Flannagan	My Son, Mickey	Trust to Luck [gether
Homeward Bound	Norah McShane	We were Boys and Girls To-
Ify, Ify, If.	Och! Blood and 'Oonds	When the Swallows Home-
I Have No Mother Now	Oh, Come with Me [Darlin'	ward Fly
Independence Day	Old Ireland! You're my	Widow Clumsee
Isle of Beauty	Our Mary Ann	Widow Mahoney

## BOB HART'S PLANTATION SONGSTER.

African Statues	Freezing Red-Fellow	Private Maguire
Adventures on Staten Island	Farmer's Daughter	Patriotic Song
Adolphus Snow	Gray Mare	Peter Gray
Around the Horn	Get Up and Get	Peanut Girl
Abraham Brown	Gay Cavalier [ation	Putting on Airs
Bride of Rinaldo	Goose Hangs High [new ver-	Rip, Tare, My Johnny
Bryan O' Lynn [new version]	Gay City Conductor	Radish Girl
Come, Jeff, Come	Ham Fat Man	Row the Boat
Cruelty to Johnny	Happy Contraband	Soap-Fat Man
Con Donahoe	Home in Kentuck	Sally Come Up
Charcoal Man [version]	Hart's "Original Burlesque	The Three Black Crows
Can't Stand the Press [new	Speech"	The Gable Family
Deceitful Maiden	Jeff Davis' Dream	The Dog is Dead
Da's What's de Matter 'Stump	Joe Bowers	The Groceryman
Speech"	Little Pigs	Uncle Snow
Disappointed Lover	Mount Vernon	Union Song
Down the River	Mickey's Gone Away	Young Bob Ridley
Dutchman's Shanty [Up"	Negro Lecture	Young Volunteer
Encore verses "Bailie Come	Negro Stump Speech	Van Amburgh's Menagerie

## THE LOVE AND SENTIMENTAL SONGSTER.

A Penny for your Thoughts	Kathleen Mavourneen	The Standard Bearer
Alice Gray [Around]	Katy Darling	The Irish Emigrant's Lament
Autumn Leaves be Strewed	Katy of Coleraine	The Harp that Once
Aggie Asthore	Little Jenny Dow	The Pirate's Serenade
All's for the Best	Lizzie Dies To-Night	The Ivy Green
Brightest Eyes	Listen to the Mocking Bird	The Light of Other Days
Be Off with You, Now	Last Greeting	The Good-bye at the Door
Ben Bolt	Let the Toast be Dear Woman	The Dreams of the Heart
Beautiful Silver Sea	Love Me Little Love Me Long	The Miller's Daughter
Come into the Garden, Maud	Mary Aileen	The Murmuring Sea
Evening Star	Molly Bawn	The Three Ages of Love
Ever of Thee	My Mother Dear [Sigh]	Then You'll Remember Me
Emma Lee	My Soul in One Unbroken	Thou Art Gone from my Gaze
Ellen Bayne	Mary of Argyie	Thou Art Mine Own, Love
Good News from Home	Norah, the Pride of Kildare	'Tis Midnight Hour
Good Night! Beloved	Norah McShane [Heve Them]	True Friendship
Good Bye, Sweetheart!	Norah, Darling, Don't Be-	Twilight Dews
Give Me a Cot in the Valley	Oh, Where's the Harm of a	'Tis Hard to Give the Hand
Home Again [I Love]	Pretty Jane [Little Kiss]	Where the Heart can Never
Hark, I Hear an Angel Sing	Rock Me to Sleep, Mother	Be [Gone]
He Doeth all Things Well	Rocked in the Cradle	Why Have My Loved Ones
I Ask but for One Thrilling	Shells of Ocean	When the Swallows Home-
Kiss [sile]	Scenes that are Brightest	ward Fly
I Wandered by the Brook-	Some One to Love	Where are the Friends
I am Leaving Thee	The Dearest Spot	Would I Were a Boy Again
I'd Offer Thee this Hand	The Gambler's Wife	We Met by Chance
I'm Not Myself at All	The Silver Moon	Why Do I Love Thee Yet
In this Old Chair [Green]	The Dying Californian	Within a Mile of Edinboro'
Jenny's Coming o'er the	The Low-backed Car	Town [Now]
Kitty Tyrrell	The Heart Bowed Down	Will You Love Me Then as

## FRANK BROWER'S BLACK DIAMOND SONGSTER.

A Darkey's Epitaph	Frank Brower's New Medley	The Cure
A Dutchman's Opinion of	Happy Uncle Tom	The Darkey Bachelor
Things Now-a-Days	Hooligan McCarthy	The Darkey's Race
A Joke on Smoke	How to Get up a Concert	The Dream of this Hard-Up
A Lazy Wife	I Wish I Had a Fat Contract	The End of the World
Altogether too Clean	Johnny Succotash	The Farmer's Boy
A Modest Request	Kit the Cobbler	The Four Vultures
A Tough Boarding House	Marriage Bliss	The Hungry Lover
A Very Dear Darkey	Model Rhymes	The Jersey Fisherman
Ben Battle and Nellie Gray	New "Cum Plung Gum"	The Lone Fishball
Black and Blue	Nigger Under de Woodpile	The Men of the Day
Blow Your Horn, Gabriel	No North, No South	The Port Royal Contraband
Bully Boy's the Butterfly	Old Daddy Hopkins	The Wrong Bill
Burlesque Oration on Matrimony [Tacks]	Or Any Oder Man's Dog	'Tis the Last Cake of Supper
Come Down wid de Brass	Paddy and the Devil [War]	Up Again and Kiss me Quick
Cry and Celer	Parody on "When this Cruel	Villkins and His Dinah
De Cappy Land of Hanaan	Patrick's Serenade	Viva l'America
De Milk in de Cocoa-Nut	Shakespeare Improved ter	What a Ridiculous Fashion
De Mysterious Knockings	She's Black, but Dat's no Mat-	Why Do I Weep for Thee
De Ole Plantation	Some Horse	Wonderful Transformation
Filibuster Sam	Steamed Oysters, Oh	Zouave Johnny's History of
	The Boat Race	Hamlet

## CHRISTY'S NEW SONGSTER AND BLACK JOKER.

Acting upon Your Own Con-	Going a Journey	The Crow Family
Aln't I Right, eh! [viction]	Horror	The Three Crows
Alabama Again	I Will Be True to Thee	The Darkey's Home
Annie Lisle	Jenny's Coming o'er the	The Barber
An Expensive Candlestick	Kingdom Coming [Green]	The Peanut Stand
Astronomical	Money a Hard Thing to Borrow	The Baby Show
A Penny for Your Thoughts	"Mother's Love is True"	The Raw Rasruits
A Sermon	My Native Town	The Widow's Victim
A Ride I Once Was Taking	Our Union None Can Sever	Uncle Sam's Cooks
A Toast	Parsing	Uncle Sam
Bad News	Plantation Medley	Uncle Snow
Better Times are Coming	Poem on Bees	Vegetable Poetry
Burlesque Stump Oration	Query	Was my Brother in the Battle
Burlesque Political	Rock Me to Sleep, Mother	Weighing the Question
Canaan	Sally Jones [There]	We'll Gib de White Folks a
Dat's What's de Matter	Shall We Know Each Other	Concert [Gone]
De Pretty Yaller Gals	Stump Speech	Why Have my Loved Ones
Der Bold Privateer	Successful	Yaller Diuo
Ginger Blue	Sweet Love, Forget Me Not	You Ought to See Us Kitten

## THE LANIGAN'S BALL SONGSTER.

A Light at Your Nose	Lanigan's Ball	The American Tar
Con Connery's Consolation	Love with an Eye on the Pocket	The Beautiful Boy
Courage, Mother, I'm Going	'of My Coat	The Dutchman's Experience
Dat's Wet de 'Ledger,' Says	Micky Magee, or, the Tail	The Fancy Peeler
Don't Poke your Snout in a Family Quarrel	Mr Brown, the Astonishing	The Knock-Kneed Tailor
Fancy Barkeeper	Mr Foote, Mr Head and Miss Boddy	The Ladies All are Hunky
Gabble O'Gobble and the Gilhooley the Bravo, & McGuff-Hall to Columbia, in the Fair	New Patent Song on the New Old Erin a Shil elah	The Married Man Critters
Hans Dietehkrappenhieter	Our Boarding House	The Mighty Apple Pudding
I'm Going to Fight mit Sigel	Parody on "Ever of Thee"	The Ragged Man
Jack at the Play	Pat and the Dutchman	The Wonderful March of In
Joe Bower's Sister Kitty	Scraps of Fun	The Union
Land for the Landless	Stick a Pin Dere, Brudder That's the Way to Do It	Tinker Joe
		Werry Mysterious
		When a Lad, With my Dad
		Widdy McGinness's Raffle

## THE SHAMROCK; OR, SONGS OF OLD IRELAND.

Aggie Asthore	Limerick Races	The Fairy Boy
Angel's Whisper	Ma Aileen Asthore	The Fine Old Irish Gintlem'n
A Sweet Irish Girl is the Dar-	Molly Asthore	The Four-Leaved Shamrock
Barnaby Finnegan	Molly Bawn	The Gray Mare
Colleen Bawn	My Heart's in Old Ireland	The Green Bushes
Darling Old Stick	My Nick-name is Barney	The Green Linnet
Doran's Ass	Norah McShane	The Harp that Once
Erin Go Bragh	Norah, the Pride of Kildare	The Irish Brigade, O
Erin is My Home	Och, Norah, Dear	The Irish Jaunting Car
Green Grow the Rushes, O	Ould Ireland! You're My Paddy Goshlow	The Land of Potatoes, O
Heigh for the Petticoats	Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow	The Lass o' Gowrie
He Tells Me He Loves Me	Purty Molly Brallaghan	The Low-backed Car
Hibernia's Lovely Jean	Savourneen Deelish	The New Policeman
I'd Moura the Hopes	Sergeant McFadgin	The Old Country Party
I'm Leaving Ould Ireland	Teddy O'Neal	The Patriot Mother
I'm Not Myself at All	The Blackbird	The Road of Life
Irish Post Boy's Song	The Blarney	The Shan Van Vogh
Irish Tinker's Lament	The Captain	The White Cockade
Kathleen Mavourneen	The Croppy Boy	The Wonderful Irishman
Katty Mavourneen	The Dear Irish Boy	Up for the Green
Kitty Tyrrell	The Exile of Krin	Widow Macbees
Lament of the Irish Emigrant		Willy Reilly

## GEORGE CHRISTY'S ESSENCE OF OLD KENTUCKY.

Annie with the Veil	Man at His Wife's Apron-	The Rival Darkeys
An Adventure on Broadway	Mean Man	The Gay Little Waiter
A Circus Performer	Miss Starch and Mr Buckram	The Street of New York
A Bootblack's Soliloquy	No One to Love	The Dakkey Sleighing Party
All We Read We Know is	Nancy Gray	The Zoo-Zoo's Toast
Ben Hollins	New Patent Song	The Old Jawbone
Charles Augustus	"Old Sorrel's Adventures	The Fancy Barkeeper
Con Donahue	Push and Pull	The Wonderful Mr Brown
Cold and Heat	Simon Gray	The Harriet Lane
Dat Beet's Gone	Smiggy McGlural	The Irishman's Courtship
Geology	Six Changes	The City Beau
Happy Be Thy Dreams	Shells of Ocean	The Dog and the Milestone
Hold Your Horses, Will You	Sally Morgan	Taylor's Saloon
Merry Green Fields of Oland	Spelling Lessons	Whisky in Decanter Clean
Love, Pig's Feet and Suicide	Striking Characters in Love	Wonderful Eggs
Love and Doughnuts	The Medley of Medleys	We May Be Happy Yet

## WOOD'S MINSTRELS' SONG BOOK.

Aunt Dinah Roe	Good Old Hut at Home	Poor Uncle Tom
Brudder Bone's Love Scrape	Guinea Maid	Romping Nell [music]
Charleston Gals	Hall! All Hall!	Rosa May
Colored Fancy Ball	I Wish I Was in Old Virginia	Rosy Anna
Colored Orphan Boy	Jane Munroe	Sally White
Cynthia See	Jolly Old Crow	Sussey Brown
De Old Jaw Bone	Julius Cesar Green	The Age of Humbug
De Singing Darkey ob de Ohio	Julius' Bride	The Locust Hum
Dinah's Wedding	Kate Loraine [music]	Uncle Gabriel
Ellen Bayne	Katy Darling [music]	Wake Up, Mose
Emma Snow	Listen to the Mocking Bird	We are Gwan to de Shucking
Female Slave's Lament	Lubly Colored Dine	Where is the Spot
Fireman's Death [music]	Lubly Dinah	Where is my Pompey Gone
Forty-five Jokers and Conun-	Nancy Till	Would I Were a Boy Again
Gal from the South	New York by Moonlight	Wood's Delineators
Ginger's Wedding	O'er the Hills, Bessie	Young Folks at Home



## NELSE SEYMOUR'S BIG SHOE SONGSTER.

A Ladies' Man	Jonah and de Whale	Sleepy Jim
A Talk About the Times	Kittie Wells	Some Folks Put on Airs
Ben Wheesy was a Sailor Man	Laughing Joe	The Animals' Ball
Blow de Whistle, Clar de Brack	Loose the Reins and Let Her [Went	The Black Snake
Bring my Brother Back to Me	Lord Lovell	The Captain
Burlesque Speech	McIlroy	The Celebrated Anvil Chorus
Cheese and Butter	Mecky Duff and Bobby Bean	The Farmyard
Ching-a-Ring-a-Ring	Mary Ann	The Fishbail Man
Columbia's Rigbys	Mrs McCann	The Mutton Stew
Come, Haste Away with Me	Mrs Grundy	The Old Bummer
Daudy Ginger	Ode to Johnny Bull	The Sensitive Coon
Dat Gits Ahead of Me	Oh, Git Along Home	The Sleigh Ride
De Gal wid a Little Shoe	Opening Chorus	The Union Still
Den I Was Glad	Our Back Pay	The Wedding
De Thomas Cat	Out, John	The Young Dutch Barber
Gentle Lesa Clare	Paddy the Piper	Tim Finnigan
Handsome Brown	Peter Gray	Wake Up, Jacob
Have You Seen Sam	Pretty Maids	We're Coming, Father Abram
How Can I Leave Thee	Robinson Crusoe	We are Marching Down to
I'll Drop You a Line	Sal, the Clam kaker	Dixie's Land
Irish History	Shakspeare Hashed	Widows, Beware
Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl	Sir Jerry Go-Nimble	Yes, 'Tis So

## THE CHARLEY O'MALLEY IRISH SONGSTER.

Barnaby Flanagan	Katty Mooney	The Land of Old Erin
Black Turf	Katty Avou-teen	The Irishman's Vager
Bryan O'Lynn	Leave us a Lock of Your Hair	The Irish Love Letter [rew
Biddy Magee	Meet me Miss Molly Malone	The Hard-Hearted Molly Ca-
Corporal Casey	Molly Malone	The Cobbler
Dennis M'Gaster, the Irish	Now Can't You be Aisy	The Flaming O'Flannagans
Dublin Lassie, Schoolmaster	Once we were Illigant People	The Boys of the Irish Brigade
From Munster I Came [cap	Pat's Curiosity Shop	The Night before Larry was
Good Morrow to Your Night-	Paddy Conner [Breeches	The Piper [Stretched
I Came from the Land of the	Paddy Hegarty's Leather	The Young Irish Gentleman
Pats and Phatees	Paddy's Wake	The Darlin' Ould Stick
I Came from the Roar	Pat and his Leather Breeches	The Wake of Teddy the Tiler
Irish English Scotchman	Shelah O'Neal	The Loves of Judy Rooney &
Irish Hearts for the Ladies	The Snob and the Tailor	Looney Conner [a Wife
Johnny M'Clusky	The Irishman	What Man Would be Without
Kill or Cure	The Real Irish Stew	Widow Malone

## FRED MAY'S COMIC IRISH SONGSTER.

Beer, Boys, Beer	Limerick Races	The Land of My Birth
Biddy Magee	One Bottle More	The Learned Man
Cabbage Green	Paddy Miles	The Old Farm Gate [Cat
Comlo Medley [Find Him	Paddy's Visit to the Theatre	The Old Maid and her Tom
Don't Speak of a Man as You	Poor Old Sailor	The Old Musqueteer [Life
Dublin Bay	Priest of the Parish	The Pope He Leads a Happy
Encore verses to Biddy Magee	Quiet Lodgings	The Rambling Boy
Fred May's New Medley	Sal Sly and Billy Snivel	The Rambling Boy of Dublin
I Likes a Drop of Good Beer	Simon the Cellarer	The Workhouse Boy
I'm a Ranting, Roaring Blade	Smuggler King	Toasts and Sentiments
I Was the Boy for Bewitching	St Keran and King O'Toole	True Born Irishman
Judge Not a Man [Them	Teddy O'Neil [Gallantly	Very Polite of Her
Katty Mooney	The Black Flag Floating	Watchman [Nelly
Larry Morgan	The Gay Girls of New York	What are You Crying For,
Larry O'Brien	The Irish Janus	With a Jolly Full Bottle

## THE DOUBLE QUICK COMIC SONGSTER.

A Hit on the Misses	I'm Going to Fight mit Sigel	The Married Man [Critters
A Mug of Ale	I'd be a Jackass	The Ladies All are Hunky
A Drop of Good Whisky	Jack at the Play	The Ragged Man [tellect
A Full Hand	Joe Bower's Sister Kiddy	The Wonderful March of In-
A Row With My Sweetheart	Laughan's Ball [Pocket	The Man in the Moon
Con Connery's Consolation	Love with an Eye on the	The Act Vot's Kind [Fat
Don't Poke your Snout in a	Mr Brown, the Astonishing	The Man that Couldn't Get
Family Quarrel	Molly the Fair [Patents	The Learned Surgeon
Drums and Drum Sticks	New Patent Song on the New	The Butcher of Washington
Der Lager Bier	Nannie of the Lane	Market
Fancy Barkeeper [Hogs	Othello and Desdemona	The Merry Medley
Gabble O'Gobble and the	Old Erin's Shil elah [Horace	The Plague of all Plagues
Go the Whole Pig	Stick a Pin Dere, Brudder	The Killing of Time
Hans Dietchkrapperhieter	That's the Way to Do It	Vell, Vot of It
Have Patience, Joshua	Tinker Joe	Werry Mysterious

## THE FRISKY IRISH SONGSTER.

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